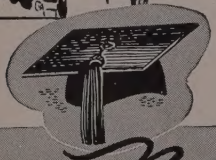
The Relief Society Magazine

ARCH, 1943
L. 30 NO. 3

At Easter . . .

This Season There's A Special Reason . . .



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Triumph

Alice Morrey Bailey

Miracle!—that Tulips flood these hours
With joy. Last night insidious cold crept south
With icy spears to stab the hearts of flowers;
Terror walked the earth to numb the mouth
Of spring. But firm this small battalion stood.
Too long they waited in the dark for breath
Of life and blossoming, to taste the good
Of earth, of ultimate—to yield to death
Or fear. How could these valiant pygmies know
Such giant strength: tenacity to form
A patterned life, and courage, kept through snow,
For flaunting scarlet banners after storm!

URAGE KEPT THROUGH SNOW"

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 30, NO. 3 MARCH 1943

Compassionate Service

Elder George Albert Smith
Member of the Council of the Twelve

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these."

ONE hundred years ago, in the then thriving city of Nauvoo, Illinois, the greatest association in the world for the benefit of women was brought into being. Organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith, who two years later gave his life as a martyr for truth, this splendid benevolent association has continued to grow until today it numbers 115,000 of the most unselfish and intelligent women to be found in the world. The city of its birth, at that time the largest in the state of Illinois, had a population of more than 20,000. It was later destroyed by mob violence and the good people responsible for building and naming it were driven into the wilderness. They traveled more than 1500 miles over the plains and mountains, through a country infested with Indians and wild animals. They arrived in the desolate Salt Lake Valley and began again to lay the foundation of civilization.

Today Nauvoo is a village of approximately 1,000 people, without a railroad or street car line. But the Relief Society that was cruelly driven out with the Church has continued to grow until it has units in hundreds of cities and villages in many parts of the world. For each individual now living in Nauvoo, the Relief Society has more than 100 members. They are fine citizens of many nations and islands of the sea. The teachings and ideals of the Society are an inspiration to all women who apply them in their lives, regardless of where they live or to what race or creed they may belong. No matter how many virtues one may possess, the teachings of the Society encourage the acquisition of more, perfection being the ultimate aim.

Your General Presidents have been great souls, worthy to be called daughters of God. They have been chosen because of their intelligence and willingness to serve unselfishly for the benefit of all, and they have sought to surround themselves with women who have been willing, if necessary, to travel to the remote

parts of the earth to supervise the organization of societies to teach the mothers of men how to fit into the responsibilities of earth life in a manner pleasing to our Heavenly Father.

I have witnessed the results of Relief Society influence at home and abroad. My soul has been filled with gratitude as I have observed the development of those who are attempting to measure up to the standards set by our Heavenly Father for his daughters in the progressive program of this great organization. My travels have taken me from Alaska and Norway in the far north to Australia and New Zealand in the far south, and to many of the nations between. I have found the Relief Society operating for the benefit of all who would participate both in and out of the Church. The Organization has functioned as an auxiliary in the largest and strongest wards of the Church and in the smallest branches in all parts of the world where the Gospel has been taught. It has been an aid to the Priesthood and the women have assisted in all charitable work, particularly caring for their own sex.

In many nations and upon the islands of the sea I have observed the members of your society in action, encouraging the despondent, pleading with the wayward, praying with the sick and disabled, always unselfishly seeking the guidance and inspiration of the Almighty for the soul in distress.

Their ministrations are all-inclusive from the cradle to the grave. In remote branches of the Church your associates have traveled through the heat of summer and the cold of winter to minister to the helpless and needy. They have waded through the mud and the snow, entirely unmindful of their own discomfort, to nurse the sick, and in hundreds of cases assuage the pain of women in labor, and, in the absence of a doctor or trained nurse, have delivered babies and cared for the mother successfully. The development and accomplishments of the women of this sisterhood are almost like a fairy tale, so unusual is the story.

Women hold a place in civilization no less important than men, and but for their modesty and reserve, they would often supersede men in many important positions in government and industry.

THE program of the Relief Society is developed in the interest of all people. Realizing that the home is the foundation of civilization and happiness, these women exert a modifying influence calculated to make our homes havens of rest and peace. All those dwelling therein may enjoy, in some measure, a taste of what heaven will be. Not only does the Society function as a benevolent organization but it aims to develop in the human soul a love of true religion. It encourages an appreciation of art, literature, music, science, and the beautifying and sanctifying of home. This and much more that enriches life is a part of the Relief Society plan. True education in every essential is sought after. Women who have excelled in some department of life gladly share their information with those less fortunate, the result being that the second and third generations have often enjoyed advantages they could not have had but for the gen-

erous women who have made them possible.

The advice of the Prophet was that women should "provoke the brethren to good works." In times like these the members of the Relief Society should encourage their husbands and sons to do their full duty in sustaining the ideals of the Church and the nation, and in doing their full part to maintain what is still left of civilization. The self-sacrifice of the members has been a bulwark against selfishness and has been a great strength to the Church from the time of its inception. Cheerfulness is a characteristic of the sisters who visit among the people, and because of their love and tactfulness many a dull day has been brightened in homes where women were sad and where, due to overwork and other distresses, women were discouraged.

No other group in all the world has rendered more desirable service in time of need. In all parts of the world women have discharged their obligations as wives and mothers, looking largely to the benefits to be derived in mortality; but I know of no other organization that programs for and insists that women should be given opportunities equal to men in the same wholesome way that has been enjoyed by your membership. The lives of women in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and that of course means all our women, have been precious to the men because they expect to have their companionship throughout the ages of eternity.

UPON one occasion I was talking to a man who was a great philanthropist. The question of marriage entered into the conversation and I explained to him that the marriage that was recognized as a Church marriage by the Latter-day Saints was one not only for time but for eternity. I told him that we expect to enjoy our family life in immortality, to associate with one another as parents and children in the Celestial Kingdom right here on this earth throughout the ages of eternity. I explained that in due time all expected to pass away; but the Lord had revealed to us that those who were worthy would be permitted to continue their lives in immortality upon this earth when it has been cleansed and purified and becomes the Celestial Kingdom. Husbands will have their wives, wives will have their husbands, and parents and children will enjoy eternal companionship. I will never forget the fervor with which he expressed himself when he said, "If all the world could know that and believe it, what a difference it would make in the treatment that men and women would accord to each other, and that parents would bestow upon their children."

These things are known to Relief Society sisters, and knowing it, you have power to bring peace and comfort, happiness and satisfaction, to those who need you where other women would fail entirely. You are to be congratulated that you possess the knowledge that every good thing that the people of the world enjoy, you may enjoy, and in addition that you may draw near to your Heavenly Father in prayer, and begin the consecration of your lives right here on earth and be prepared for eternal happiness in the Celestial Kingdom.

Your strength is not in might but in the power of righteousness.

The faithful, progressive members of Relief Society will be given added courage and strength to meet the problems of today that parallel those which confronted the Relief Society in its inception. In the beginning you were asked to help in the Latter-day Saint struggle for freedom and progress. Today you do not have to struggle alone, but lend your efforts, and lead the way for millions of women throughout this war torn world who are giving their all to preserve freedom and democracy.

In different parts of the world families are being exiled. Men and women are being shipped to war zones. The adversary of all righteousness is spreading destruction.

The devoted women of the Society may wield great influence in strengthening their husbands, brothers, and sons in their patriotic contributions and their determination to be worthy of their heritage.

It is not only your privilege but your duty, as the hard-working domestic executive in your family, to take advantage of every intelligent program placed in your hands. New, modern, scientific courses in nutrition are available without expense. Be certain that you transfer your training into your daily life, thus protecting your families from malnourishment in the lean years ahead.

The current courses in home nursing will teach you to skilfully care for your own afflicted loved ones in a correct manner. Thus it will relieve the crowded condition in hospitals and leave more space for the acutely afflicted who need skilled and scientific attention.

It is important that you complete the new course in first aid and canteen work. No one can tell when or where that information may be of utmost value to you or your community. Nurses' aids are needed in local hospitals all over the nation to help replace those who have left for active war duty. This instruction is available, and whenever and wherever you have the time, training, and opportunity, it is desirable for you to volunteer in this fine humanitarian service.

By doing home canning you will relieve the pressure on industry. More canned foods will be available for our own armed forces and our oppressed Allies.

It is essential that your ward emergency program be completed, your war chest filled, and first-aid kits prepared for every home situated in dangerous areas. All of these things are "firsts." Then if your time, talents, and energy can be budgeted to help in the war industry and you can make this additional contribution, *knowing your home is not neglected,* do so and our Heavenly Father will reward you for your added efforts.

No matter where you work or in what manner you serve, be sure that you keep your word. Give 100 per cent service and always be dependable. Once you have accepted an assignment, no matter how large or small, never fail to perform your part. You may think that you are only a small link in the chain of cooperative effort but remember no chain is stronger than its weakest link.

AS you face the second year of the second century of Relief Society

follow the pattern of your sisters who started the first year of the first century, and anchor your faith in God. Be helpful, prayerful, humble, and full of courage. Democracy is at stake, and it will be your duty to bolster the morale of your own families, allay their fears, supplant terror and uncertainty with faith, and smilingly meet the dawn of each day until victory is won.

I have no way of expressing to you my admiration and appreciation for the wonderful service that your organization has rendered under almost every conceivable circumstance through which men and women are required to pass. In the palaces of the rich and in the modest homes of the poor, you radiate the same sweet influence and bestow the same smile of approbation for the good things that you see as you mingle among your associates. The riches of eternity will flow to every one of you, who, as a daughter of Zion, honors her Heavenly Father and seeks to be worthy of His love.

AWAKENING

Norma Wrathall

Before warm April's sun begins to glow
Trees send their sap above the melting snow;
Long dormant roots arouse, make haste at last
Deep into yielding earth, now winter's past;
While yet it's cold the pussy willows start;
Trees know when it is spring; so may the heart,
Roused from old grief or from dreams half begun,
Send living tendrils to faith's glowing sun.

"The House of the Lord Shall Be Established in the Top of the Mountains"

Ann P. Nibley
Member of Relief Society General Board

THE annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in April, 1893, fifty years ago, was an historic event. It was the occasion of the completion and dedication of the great Salt Lake Temple. For more than forty years the Saints had labored, under almost insurmountable difficulties, to complete this sacred structure; now it was finished, and stood as "an object of wonder, and admiration to the visitor, and a subject of sanctifying joy and righteous pride to the people, whose sacrifice and effort had given it being."

On July 28, 1847, four days after the arrival of the first group of pioneers, on the desolate site which is now beautiful Salt Lake City, President Brigham Young, while walking over the ground where the temple now stands, thrust his "cane into the parched soil and exclaimed, 'Here we will build the Temple of our God.'" From that time this place became known as Temple Block and the people looked upon it as "hallowed ground."

At the general conference of the Church in April 1851, the construction of the temple was approved by official vote. Let us remember that this decision was made by a group of impoverished and isolated people, menaced by hostile Indians and struggling for existence in a desert land. Because of these many difficulties and hardships the work was delayed until almost six years after the arrival of the pioneers. On February 14, 1853, when the site was finally dedicated and the ground was broken, the occasion was one of greatest rejoicing.

On the 6th of April, 1853, the corner stones were laid. During these ceremonies of thanksgiving many civic and military organizations took part, "there were processions with bands of music and solemn services with prayer." However, the work now so eagerly begun was not to be continued without further delay. In the spring of 1858 the coming of Johnston's Army to Utah "had been heralded with dire threats of violence,"—the saints had not forgotten the "harrowing scenes" of persecution in Missouri and Illinois and rather than suffer a repetition of these events they prepared to abandon their homes and seek refuge in the desert. "In the saddening preparation for departure the people carefully covered the foundation work on the site of the Temple; excavations were refilled and every vestige of masonry was obscured. . . . When the covering up process was complete, the site showed nothing more attractive than a remote resemblance

ONE OF FOUR MAIN DOORS OF SALT LAKE TEMPLE

The lower panel is of oak and the upper two are of bevelled plate glass protected by bronze grills of intricate pattern carrying the beehive motif.

The doorstep, hardware attachments, and doorknobs are of bronze.

to the barren stretch of a roughly plowed field."

Fortunately a peaceable agreement was made between the people and the army, and in July 1858 the Saints returned to their homes. Later when resuming the work on the temple it was found that the material used in the foundation was not of a stable character. Consequently, by years of toil it was removed, and stone of better quality was substituted.

In 1877, at which time the granite walls of the great structure had reached a height of twenty feet, President Brigham Young, the beloved leader, passed away. For another decade the work was carried on by his successor, President John Taylor and thereafter was continued under the direction of Wilford Woodruff, the fourth president of the Church.

Work now went on with little interruption. However circumstances at times conspired to retard and make the progress slow, "but when in place of three or four yoke of oxen being necessary to the transportation of a single stone from the quarry twenty miles distant, there came the change of conditions wrought by the railroad, the walls grew with greater rapidity and when at length the time came for the laying of the capstone . . . the anxiety of the people to complete the structure seemed to burst forth like a pent up flood."

On April 6, 1892, at one of the greatest gatherings ever to take place in Utah, the capstone of the temple was placed in position. "The day marked the close of the annual conference, and was hallowed by all the observances of solemn assembly. As a preliminary to the principal ceremony, a vast congregation had assembled in the Tabernacle at an early hour, and in this assembly the several organizations of the Priesthood occupied distinctive places on the main floor while the galleries were reserved for the accommodations of the general public.

"At the close of an impressive service the multitude proceeded in formal procession to the open space on the south side of the Temple, where a temporary platform had been erected with the flag of the nation waving above. An adjoining stand accommo-

dated the choir which numbered over 200 singers. There was band music of the highest order and every essential element of fervent worship combined with joyous celebration had been provided."

Over 40,000 people were on the Temple Block to celebrate this occasion, while many thousands more, unable to find a place, stood in the streets or looked down from windows and roofs of surrounding buildings.

One year from this notable event the last "finishing touches" to the interior of the sacred and beloved structure were made, and on the evening of the 5th of April, the day preceding the dedication, the majestic temple, now completed, was opened for general inspection. On this occasion not only were members of the Church admitted but hundreds of "honorable" men and women who did not belong to the Church were invited to pass through.

When the great day for the dedication arrived, the Saints gathered from far and near until it was estimated that at least 25,000 people had come to the city to witness the ceremonies. Elder James E. Talmage relates:

"On the morning of the 6th of April, 1893, Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church, led the way through the southwest door into the sacred precincts. . . . He was followed by general authorities of the Church and these in turn by other Church officials and such members as had been especially designated to take part in the first dedication service. Of the tens of thousands of Saints who desired to be present, whose rightful privilege it was to attend, but few could be accommodated on the day of the dedication. The assembly room, which with its vestries occupies the entire floor, had been furnished with seating accomodations for 2,252 persons. It was arranged therefore that services be repeated twice daily to continue from April 6th until all who were

CARD OF ADMITTANCE TO DEDICATION SERVICES

entitled to admission had had opportunity to be present."

At the first service, the official dedication, the dedicatory prayer was offered by President Wilford Woodruff. This dedicatory prayer was read at each succeeding session. One paragraph of this beautiful prayer follows:

"We come before Thee with joy and thanksgiving, with spirits jubilant and hearts filled with praise, that Thou has permitted us to see this day, for which, during these forty years, we have hoped and toiled and prayed, when we can dedicate unto Thee this house, which we have built to Thy most glorious name. One year ago we set the capstone, with shouts of Hosanna to God and the Lamb. And today we dedicate the whole unto Thee, with all that pertains unto it, that it may be holy in Thy sight; that it may be a house of prayer, a house of praise and of worship; that Thy glory may rest upon it; that Thy Holy Presence may be continually in it; that it may be the abode of Thy Well-Beloved Son, our Savior; that the angels who stand before Thy face may be the hallowed messengers who shall visit it, bearing to us Thy wishes and Thy will, that it may be sanctified and consecrated in all its parts unto Thee, the God of Israel, the Almighty ruler of mankind. And we pray Thee that all people who enter upon the threshold of this, Thine house, may feel Thy power, and be constrained to acknowledge that Thou hast sanctified it, that it is Thy house."

"This prayer itself is at once a sermon and a supplication; it is expressive of the inmost thoughts of the people; it is an epitome of the history of the Saints and the condition of the Church at the time. . . .

"A large pipe organ had been set up in the assembly room, and served as an accompaniment to the Choir of [300] selected voices, by whom the anthems and the hymns, especially composed for the occasion were rendered. The essential and characteristic feature of the service was, of course, the offering of the dedicatory prayer, and to this were added brief addresses by officials of the Church. Throughout the service ran the solemn refrain, which was voiced in anthem, sermon, and prayer: 'THE HOUSE OF THE LORD IS COMPLETED.' "

These words were uttered by Elder B. H. Roberts at the conference meeting preceding the dedication:

"As the ruins of the Temples erected by the ancient inhabitants of this land today, testify of a God fearing people, so will the Salt Lake Temple stand for centuries to come as a grand monument of the faith, union, and unselfishness of the Saints of the Latter-days; and preach to the stranger who shall visit our beautiful valley in times to come, a sermon so powerful and convincing, that thousands will acknowledge the hand of the Lord in connection with the labor performed by the Saints, and lead them to embrace the truth."

Ages ago, in far off Judea, the Prophet Micah predicted that "in the last days the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it . . ." The dedication of the Salt Lake Temple marked the fulfillment of this ancient prophecy.

The Angel Moroni

An Epic in Bronze Which Breathes the Very Essence of Revealed Religion

Elder Levi Edgar Young
Member of the First Council of Seventy

ON the capstone of the center tower of the Salt Lake Temple stands Cyrus Dallin's heroic figure of the Angel Moroni. The theme of the rich bronze piece is crystallized in the words of John the Revelator: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

The statue of the Angel expresses a religious edification in keeping with the subject. In the open air, it raises its inspiring silhouette above the buildings of the street, and the details of the figure disappear in the impression of the whole. A spiritual energy emanates from the graceful body, as if it were flying through space. To really see the Angel, one must lose one's self in the power of the spirit. The whole lifts one from the earth to God. In the creation of this majestic statue, Dallin's introspective soul found its greatest expression. Unless he were deeply religious he could not have created it. Its beauty is an expression of the profound theology of the Latter-day Saint Church teaching that "the spirit and the body constitute the soul of man." The truth is nobly expressed as one of the teachings of the Book of Mormon, that nothing elevates the soul or raises it to adoration more than the striving for perfection, which unites man to God. Dallin believes himself to be more religious in creating beautiful harmonious human bodies, than by dreaming over the unsolved problems of life. To every creative artist comes "the high moment of achievement," when the flame of genius burns most brightly. In the creating of the Angel Moroni, Dallin reached a "high moment of achievement."

THE sculptor Dallin was born in Springville, Utah, in 1863, and when a small boy, he made models with mud, found in the swamps of his native town. When nineteen years old, he was sent to Boston to study art, and in 1883, he won a commission from the George Robert White fund for the creation of a statue of Paul Revere. When Dallin was chosen in 1884 to execute the statue, and plans were made to finance it, $25,000 to be raised by public subscription and $5,000 to be contributed by the city, a rival sculptor termed Dallin, then but twenty-two years of age, a "cowboy from Utah" and said his model depicted "an impossible man on an impossible horse." The criticism served to blast the project, and the campaign to raise the $25,000 by subscription suffered a complete collapse. The

money was not raised and for nearly fifty years the project was officially dropped. Dallin sought various mayors of Boston through the years to induce them to appropriate funds for the statue, and a few years ago, he appealed to the Legislature, also without success, to erect the statue on the State House grounds.

Four years ago, he presented his case to the five trustees of the city-owned George Robert White fund, who have the income of some $6,000,000 at their disposal for the erection of works of art. Mayor Tobin, the present mayor of Boston, with the other trustees of the fund, finally accepted the Dallin statue, and the end came to the sculptor's long fought battle. The statue was finally unveiled on Paul Revere Mall, in the North End of Boston in 1941. It is near the Revere historic home and the old North Church, where the lanterns were hung on that April night in 1775, when Paul Revere made his famous ride to Lexington and Concord.

The work of Dallin is best known from his statue of Lafayette which was presented to France by the American people. His "Signal of Peace" was exhibited at the world's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and it was presented to the City of Boston by prominent citizens of that city as a memorial to the American Indian. His statue of Massasoit, the Indian chief who made a treaty of peace with the Pilgrim Fathers in 1621, stands at Plymouth Rock on the hill immediately above the place of landing of the Pilgrims in November 1620. His "Medicine Man" was shown at the International Exposition in Paris, 1900, which brought the artist world-wide fame. It was finally purchased for the Fairmont Park of Philadelphia, although the City of Vienna, in Austria, made offers for it. This was the first time that an American ever received an offer for statuary from Europeans. His "Appeal to the Great Spirit" stands in front of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. As you pass on the highway through his native town, Springville, you will see in the Public Square, Dallin's beautiful bust of his mother. It is a symbol of the mother nurturing the sons of men. The sweet dignity of her face, the tenderness of her mouth, bespeak in mute phrases her beautiful unselfishness.

Mr. Dallin returned to his old home in Springville in 1890, just three years previous to the finishing of the Salt Lake Temple. At the request of President Wilford Woodruff and others, he made the statue of the Angel, which was shipped from Boston. As he finished it, he exclaimed: "This is my best, for it is my noblest subject."

STATUE OF ANGEL MORONI ATOP CENTER SPIRE OF SALT LAKE TEMPLE
Cyrus E. Dallin, sculptor

The Gold Watch

Mary Ek Knowles
Third Prize, Relief Society Short Story Contest

WHEN old Tom Edwards, night watchman for Bryson and Laird's department store, rang the station near the fur vault the first time, Ben Phillips was setting the time lock.

"How are things going, Tom?" Ben called.

"Can't complain, Ben." Tom's voice lacked its usual friendliness. He couldn't explain why, but instinctively he mistrusted the manager of the Ready-To-Wear Department. The man was just too good to be true with his perfectly tailored clothes, his sleek dark hair, his easy smile, and his smooth flattering voice.

"How is your wife since the weather got cooler?"

That question stopped Tom who was walking past as Ben locked the fur vault. His blue eyes clouded. "Not so good," he said slowly. "The least chilly breeze is enough to cripple her with rheumatism for days. Last winter she had to use a cane. I'm afraid she'll be worse this year." Worry gnawed at Tom's mind. Poor Annie! and with all her suffering, no whining, just a patient smile that fair tore your heart out.

"Why don't you take her to Florida, Tom?" Ben Phillips pulled several brightly colored travel folders from his pocket and handed them to the watchman. "Look through these. Warm southern climate and sunshine are what she needs."

Tom reached for the folders. "Why, thanks, Ben," he said looking at the younger man with kinder eyes. Perhaps his instinct had been wrong. After all, he had nothing against Phillips. Mr. Bryson and Mr. Laird trusted him. Ben had been with the store only one year, yet it was he who locked the vault and carried a key to the store on his key ring.

Tom took the travel folders and sighed. "Florida is the place for Annie, all right, Ben. But I haven't the means. There's been my son, David's, schooling, and Annie's doctor bills. No, Florida is out of my reach, Ben."

Ben frowned and twirled his key ring. "You've been here twenty-five years. Seems to me, Tom, a prosperous store like this should do something special for you. Tell you what. I'm going to suggest to Mr. Laird that you be given a winter's vacation in Florida with all expenses paid for you and your wife."

Tom's senses reeled. A vacation in Florida with all expenses paid! Then the night watchman came down out of the clouds. The store owed him no such grand present! All these years it had given him steady work and a short vacation every year, with a turkey at Thanksgiving and a small bonus at Christmas.

"Thanks, Ben," he said, putting the folders in his back pocket, "But the firm owes me nothing!" With a start he realized that he had halted on his rounds and there were some fifteen stations yet to ring in. He took a large gold watch from his

vest pocket and looked at it. "I must be going. I'm a little late on my first round."

"That's an interesting watch," Ben remarked.

Late or not, Tom had to tell the story. "It was given to one of my folks by King George III way back in 1732." Tom Edwards displayed the black Roman numerals and slender gold hands of the timepiece that had ticked off so many hours of his sixty-eight years of life. He turned the watch over and pointed to the engraving. "That's the Edwards coat of arms."

"An oak tree and a sword. Honor et Veritas," Ben read.

"Honor and Truth!" Old Tom interpreted proudly. "When my father handed me this he said, 'Son, what I'm passing on to you is more than just a gold watch. It is a name untouched by shame or dishonor!' And tomorrow," the watchman told the department manager, "my son, David, gets this watch as a present when he graduates from medical school."

Tom Edwards was a short man, lean of body and face, yet as he stood there, his straightness, something in the way he held his well-shaped head with its mane of white hair, gave him height and dignity.

"Quite an heirloom!" Ben said, "but doesn't the loud ticking disturb you?"

Tom chuckled as he replaced the watch in his vest pocket. "So used to it, I never hear it! Thanks again for the folders." Turning quickly, Tom stumbled over a large suitcase, then righted himself and continued on his rounds.

Later that night he studied the

MARY EK KNOWLES

travel folders while he was eating his lunch. He sat on the wooden bench at the foot of the stairs in the basement of the store and slowly turned the rainbow-colored pages. Florida! His wistful eyes read every line of description, missed no detail of the vivid pictures. White beaches and green water . . . palm trees against a blue sky . . . and sunshine, always sunshine! Annie could sit on the beach all day and feel the sunshine soak into her body.

Reluctantly old Tom closed the folder and set it next to his lunch box. What was the good of wishing for the moon. He had better forget Florida. He looked at his watch, 1 a.m. Time to start his round of the store again. He creaked to his feet, hooked his gun belt tighter,

picked up his flashlight and started climbing the stairs.

But the watchman could not forget Florida. The land of palm trees and sunshine continued to woo him. He finally gave up the brief struggle and lapsed into dreaming. He tried to picture the look on Annie's face if he should walk in and say, "Pack your duds, girl. We're going to Florida for the winter!" The brown eyes that suffering could not dim, would twinkle. "Tom," she'd say, "how you do run on! Florida, land sake!" He would pick her up, then —she was such a frail little thing— "I ain't foolin', Annie. We are a'goin'," he'd say. "Look at these folders."

The watchman came to the top of the third flight of stairs. A sheepish grin overspread his face, and he pulled at his ear. He was a great one, mooning like a love-sick calf over Florida and his Annie until he clean passed the first and second floors. By golly, that was the first time in all the years he'd been night watchman that he hadn't registered at the stations on the main and second floors first!

He was about to turn and walk down the stairs when a glow coming from the third floor fur vault attracted his attention. Tom's hand went to his gun and he tip-toed noiselessly toward the light.

The partly open vault door revealed Ben Phillips. For a moment Tom stood and watched him, puzzled. Ben took a brown fur coat from a large suitcase, the very suitcase Tom had stumbled over, and placed it on a hanger in the vault along with dozens of other fur coats. Then he took a black fur coat from the suitcase and did the same thing. Next, he removed a shiny brown fur coat and a glistening black fur coat from their hangers in the vault, folded them carefully and placed them in the suitcase.

Tom's hold on his gun tightened as he realized what Ben was doing. Swapping cheap furs for expensive ones! Tom pushed the vault door wide. "Don't move, Phillips!"

The startled man straightened with a jerk, his eyes round with complete surprise. His face was a grayish white. Then his scared eyes appraised the watchman's shabby clothes . . . his gray hair. The color returned to Ben's cheeks.

"Hello, Tom," he said shakily. "Just thought I'd better check over —"

"I saw what you did, Ben!"

Ben avoided the stony look in the old man's eyes. He took a billfold from his coat. He extracted four bills and held them out. "Forget you ever saw me in here."

Tom's figure stiffened and the muscles at the sides of his jaw twitched with fury.

"Don't be a sap, Edwards!" Ben croaked. "This is your chance to square things with the store. Twenty-five years you've worked for Bryson and Laird. You don't live in a mansion on the hill as they do; your wife doesn't wear fur coats and diamonds; your son didn't have his education handed to him on a silver platter!

"I had everything perfectly planned. Listen—" Ben's cracked voice hurried on. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he explained his scheme for the perfect crime: the gaining of the complete confidence of the store's owners;

checking on the night watchman's movements; and chatting earlier in the evening so that later, when the theft was discovered, Tom would testify that he had seen Ben locking the vault. But Ben had set the time clock for 1 a.m. and after switching the furs, he had planned to re-set it for the usual 8:30 in the morning so nobody would supect him.

The travel folders! Tom no longer heard Ben's smooth voice. Even they had been given to make Tom more friendly toward the man he distrusted. Yes, it would have been the perfect crime if those same Florida folders hadn't made him walk as in a dream up to the third floor first, as he'd never done before.

"I can give you enough money to keep you for life!" Ben pleaded. "You could take Annie to Florida, Tom! Florida—"

Ben Phillips hurried to paint on the watchman's mind a picture of Annie walking along the boardwalk with him, or sitting in a rocking chair crocheting, while the kind sun beat down on her thin body. A life in cozy auto courts with red-tiled roofs; checker tournaments and horse-pitching contests; and old cronies to swap yarns with.

Tom's Adam's apple went up and down in his thin neck. Florida would save Annie. No more cold winters for her!

"No one will ever find out," Ben argued desperately, "*Why not take the money?*"

Why not?

Then in the tense silence Tom heard the loud ticking of the gold watch over his heart. Honor and Truth! Honor and Truth! Honor and Truth! Louder and louder.

Tom broke out into a cold sweat. Perhaps no one would ever find out about the theft. But he himself would know. "What profiteth a man . . . " Lose his good name. Why pride in a good name was the flesh and blood of a man, the strength of his bones. It was the set of his head, the firm confident tread of his feet. It was long nights of untroubled sleep and looking at his fellowman in the eye without flinching. And he had almost thrown that away!

With one swift movement Tom slammed the vault door. The lock clicked. Then he ran to the office to telephone the police. Tomorrow Thomas Edwards would give his son, David, a gold watch, and with it a priceless heritage.

CONTENTMENT

Fern Ostler

Old rambling farmhouse 'mid great trees,
Scent of violets, a gentle breeze,
Fields of grain, newly plowed earth
Contentment there of priceless worth.

On That First Morning

Vesta P. Crawford

"And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun."—*St. Mark* 16:2.

FROM the darkness of the tomb where Jesus had been laid, there came, on a morning long ago, a great brightness. The glory of this light was seen by the three Marys and by others of them who loved the Lord.

In the long centuries since that day the promise of life eternal has glowed with rainbow splendor against the darkness of the world. This promise has become the recurrent message of springtime, the everlasting strength of hope and courage.

Through all the span of time since that first resurrection, millions of people have turned to the Holy Bible to renew the brightness of Easter morning.

"He is not here: for he is risen"—so came the testament of the angel nearly two thousand years ago. So comes the message down the ages for people in every land to see the beacon light. For those who may have forgotten that the stone was rolled away, there is a hallowed surety in the simple words of the gospel narratives.

John and Mark, Luke and Matthew—they tell the Easter story, each in his own way, each after the interpretation of his own heart, as the life of the Savior had inspired him.

CLEARLY etched with vivid detail is the story told by John. He explains his purpose in words that have long been remembered: ". . . that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

John speaks of a garden that was near Calvary, and in that garden there was a new sepulchre. In this tomb the followers of Jesus laid His body.

Even before it was light on the first day of the week Mary Magdalene came into the garden and approached the tomb. *The stone had been rolled away.*

"Then she runneth and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

The disciples hurried to the tomb and found it empty. "For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home."

"But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping." Then she looked into the tomb and saw two angels sitting where Jesus had lain. The angels said unto Mary Magdalene—"Woman, why weepest thou?" And she told them that they had taken away her Lord and she did not know where they had laid Him.

Suddenly she saw Jesus standing near her, but at first she did not recognize Him. He spoke her name—"Mary!" And she knew that the Savior had risen from the dead. Light glowed upon the dark stones and the springtime of hope came into the

garden. "Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord. . . ."

In this, our time, when the very foundations of the earth are shaken, and the faith of many of us is tested by tragedy, is it not a quiet and precious thing to take a few moments from the rush of time to contemplate the testament of John? Now is a time for remembering that which has been written for our comfort and our surety.

MARK tells the story of Christ's ministry in a series of word pictures etched with faith and understanding, etched with a splendor that has instructed the generations who have believed in the message of Easter. Mark has limned with graphic description an eternal picture of the resurrection.

It is Mark who so beautifully portrays the coming of Joseph of Arimathaea, "an honourable counseller, which also waited for the kingdom of God"—how Joseph came to Calvary and took the body of Jesus and prepared it for burial. In a tomb hewn out of a rock Joseph laid his friend with love and care.

Mark describes the coming of the Marys and the splendor of the angel's message . . . "Be not affrighted: . . . *he is risen;* he is not here:"

The appearance of Jesus to eleven of his disciples is presented in Mark's strong, direct words, and the command of Jesus is written . . . "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And Jesus told his followers that they should "speak with new tongues." It is, as Mark implies, the duty and the pleasure of those who believe the gospel to spread the message of Easter to the far places of the world.

Each gospel narrator tells with great emphasis that part of the story which most appeals to him, which seems the most inspiring, the most enduring.

LUKE, called "the physician," was the companion of Paul on his second missionary journey, and it is he who stresses in his gospel the message of good news to all nations. "It seemed good to me also," Luke said, "having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee . . . that thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed."

Every word of Luke's narrative is imbued with strength and meaning, as if he were writing upon granite, words to last throughout the coming ages, words to comfort the nations down along the path of history.

Luke says that when the women saw the angels in shining garments standing against the dark rocks of the sepulchre, they were afraid and bowed their faces. In the solemnity of the garden with bleak Calvary rising up beyond the place, the angels spoke a message of eternal life: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee."

It is Luke who gives the most vivid picture of the wonderful walk by evening unto a town called Emmaus. This is the event hallowed by many artists who have been inspired by this story of comfort at eventide. Hoffman, the great painter of the life of Christ, and many lesser artists

as well, portray this happening with spiritual insight, divining the inner glory of the farewell words of Jesus.

The story of that walk along a path that led from Jerusalem to Emmaus is well remembered by all who have read the scriptural text. Two of the disciples walked by evening to this village, "And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."

This significant event of the first Easter has been expressed in poetry:

At eventide when flowers closed
And all the world was still,
Two of them who loved the Lord
Walked slowly up the hill;

Beyond them in the valley
They heard the Marys weep—
The path unto Emmaus town
Was stony clad and steep;

Then soundless was the silver night,
No leaf stirred on its stem,
Yet suddenly they heard a voice
And Jesus walked with them.

The three travelers reached the village, but Jesus "made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

From these words has come the great Christian hymn, "Abide With Me."

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!

THE words of Matthew glow with lasting simplicity. He alone of all the gospel writers tells how the stone was rolled away, how light came from darkness, the details of that first Easter.

". . . as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow."

Such is the story of Easter as the disciples who lived in that far day have testified. In these precious words there is no faltering, no doubt, and no embellishment. In these words there is only simplicity, truth, and the promise of eternal life. No troubled years are long enough to dim the splendor of the message. Steadfast as spring, the promise returns and abides with us.

SOLACE

Celia Van Cott

Why mourn for flesh, man's temporal clay,
When earth-born spirits wing away
Back to their Maker's throne?

We cannot touch the soul of man,
Create a life, nor stay its span,
We must have faith in God's great plan.

Milton Bennion

General Superintendent Deseret Sunday School Union

A. Hamer Reiser
Second Assistant General Superintendent

THE Sunday Schools of the Church are immeasurably benefited by the action of the First Presidency in appointing Milton Bennion to be general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

Milton Bennion as a personality, apart from the honors and distinction he has earned, is an inspirational, faith-stimulating captain. I have known him intimately for twenty-five years. Never once have I known him to ask or advise anyone to do anything which he would not do himself. One takes from such a person a strong sense of confidence and courage born of rightness and justness.

He is the personification of unselfishness and of thoughtfulness for the welfare of others. His selflessness is the essence of his rich spirituality. In fact, he thinks and lives so much for others that he has forgotten himself into greatness.

He was vice-president of the University of Utah, Dean of the School of Education, and Professor of Philosophy and Education when he retired from the University. In recognition of his eminence and devotion, the University, in 1931, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Education.

Long before this time he had earned recognition for scholarship with degrees from the University of Utah and Columbia, and he had distinguished himself in graduate study at Wisconsin and California.

MILTON BENNION

MOST brilliant among the jewels which make his life rich and beautiful are his famly and his family life. His wife, Cora Lindsay Bennion, was for years a devoted and beloved member of the General Board of the Relief Society. They have reared a wonderful family of children.

His experience in the service of the Church is wide and varied, and extends back into his early youth. As a missionary in New Zealand, an officer in priesthood quorums, teacher and executive in ward, stake, and general Sunday School work he has always given of his best effort.

His ideas and principles are sound and forward-looking. His plans for the Sunday Schools are progressive. They will be received with enthusiasm by the great army of Sunday School workers who are honored to be associated with him.

Crossing The River Into Arizona

Pearl Udall Nelson

"A FEW more days and I shall be home again." This cheering thought has stimulated many a man and helped him to carry on when he felt exhausted, or his difficulties seemed insurmountable. The early Mormon people were deprived for years of the daily strength that the thrill and comfort of home normally provides. Every time they were compelled to move to a new location, the idea of a safe home became more of an ambition, a goal in their lives, the symbol of all they hoped for. The desperate journey across the plains to establish themselves in the mountains might easily have failed, had not the bitter years of persecution in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois—years during which the Saints were seeking freedom of worship—focused the attention of the people upon the true value of a home, and the simple things of life. Finally when they migrated to Utah, "willingly, because they had to," the homes they established became the theme of their songs, and the treasures of their hearts. Ten, twenty, thirty years passed. The happiness and prosperity that pursue those who persistently follow a simple pattern of a full life devoid of useless meandering, had come to many Mormon communities. Then came the call for certain of these families, or their sons and daughters, to leave the well-earned fruits of their faith and labor, and cross the Great River to form new settlements in Arizona.

Arizona was a land far away, very far from "Zion." It was a weird and strange land, described in terms that retained much of the imagery of Indian speech or terms flavored by the remembrance of the hectic marches, the endurance, and sacrifices of the members of the Mormon Batallion. It was a land of vast deserts, plateaux upon which Indians danced with rattlesnakes in their mouths, rattlesnakes that when liberated, served as messengers to their gods. It was a land of contradictions and conflicting elements: majestic mountains, bottomless canyons, miles of flat country; stifling heat, bitter cold; prickly pears and cacti, superb lilies of the desert; virgin forests, treeless expanses; no water, destructive floods. And it was not home!

Those who were called to make this journey had no prophet of their faith to lead them. Their friends and loved ones did not plan to follow them. Few, if any, expected to better their lot. Utah was Zion, Utah was home, and they but crusaders on a life-time mission to expand the borders of their homes in the mountains. Another generation perhaps, or new converts to the faith, might some day need this land and the opportunity which would be created through their years of pioneering; but the Utah streams and fields, the orchards and the flocks of sheep, the cattle, the temples, built and being built, the schools and churches, their friends and memories, belonged to them, were part of them. Now they were asked to leave all this, and start over again.

The hopes and wishes of the

TOP: VIEW OF ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA, ABOUT 1887
BOTTOM: RECENT VIEW OF ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA

Latter-day Saints in Utah had found a completeness in a life pattern of working, going to school, going on a mission, falling in love, marrying, building a home, and having children. It was a good pattern, complete, stable, satisfying, American! Only a very devout faith in a leadership that had seen them through many difficulties and that had succeeded despite the dire predictions of the so-called "great minds" of the nation, made obedience to this call to Arizona tolerable. Arizona lay "across the river," across the deepest abyss in all America. But the foreboding depth of that great canyon was no deeper than the psychological gulf that separated "a life in Zion" from "going forth to conquer the land of desolation."

THE crossing of the river was the first great hazard for these pioneers. It was a warning of other dangers yet to come. It was not unlike a special kind of baptism that bound those who made this journey into an understanding oneness. They became part of the legends of those indefatigable missionaries and scouts who for several years had been sent out in advance by the church authorities. These pioneers thus brought reality to the hopes and sacrifices of as courageous a group of men as

ever walked. They wrote the final chapter in one book, the saga of the Mormon scouts, and the first chapter in a new volume, the story of the Arizona pioneers.

The road from Kanab lead across a barren expanse into the depths of the Kaibab forest, and then the road lead down, down, and down. Trees were left behind, jutting sandstone cliffs loomed higher and higher and came closer and closer. Eerie shadows added to the suggestion of descending into a Stygian pit. For the women it was an experience that made them hold tightly to the "call" and the priesthood of the men who led the way. The crossing of the muddy river was made on a ferryboat. Below them the roar of the Colorado (Spanish for red), turning white in the turmoil of dropping down between towering cliffs, reverberated back upon their ears. Emotions could not remain petty in such a setting. Women who made the crossing seemed set apart, marked with a calm faith and tender strength, and strangely free from trivialities and snobbishness. It was a time of self-renunciation that brought a new sense of trust. They had said goodby to kindred and home, with its comforts, schools, and doctors. There was no turning back. They had crossed a great river. They had now only their faith, their husbands, and their God.

Safely over the river, other hazards loomed. The road to the plateau to the east and south was treacherous. A rock set loose tumbled noisily down toward the white waters far below. If a wheel should break, a team become frightened—? To glance aside, ahead, or backward was to suffer a chill of fear or discouragement. This road seemed to be the path of Christian in Pilgrim's Progress become reality. Horses and men took one step forward, hoping for the best. Had they known it, this was to become the symbol of their life in Arizona.

When the summit was reached, as far as the eye could see there stretched out a land as barren as ever faced a traveler. Far to the south, more like a mirage than a fact, there seemed to be hills that might hold some promise. In the evening, when the camp fires were built, one could see, miles across the canyon, the camp fires of the friends who had accompanied them to the river, and were now climbing back toward House Rock and Kanab. And so, for two or three nights the camp fires of those returning to Zion and those who were leaving it seemed to signal a note of affection and love, straight across a canyon that defied a crossing.

THE Arizona pioneers, from north to south, gave all their strength and zest to the endless work they had undertaken. They settled along Silver Creek, in bad weather some three or four weeks' journey by team to the south and east, founding Snowflake; some built homes along the Little Colorado River from Round Valley and St. Johns down to St. Joseph and Sunset, now known as the abandoned colony; while others continued along the Gila River and made Thatcher the leading Mormon town, or went into the fertile valley of the Salt River where Mesa became Mormon headquarters. (Many of the settlers in Mesa came

TOP: FIRST L.D.S. CHURCH, ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA, 1881
BOTTOM: L.D.S. CHAPEL, ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA, 1939

from Bear River, north of Salt Lake City.)

In varying degrees all the colonies experienced real troubles: Indian uprisings, most serious in the Gila Valley; extreme anti-Mormon persecutions in St. Johns; and excessive heat in the Salt River and Gila Valleys. All sections were subject to alternating droughts and floods. Most of the colonies had dams washed away. St. Joseph built eight before the ninth one withstood the tricky variables of soil, heat, and flood. Woodruff had an even worse record. St. Johns' dam troubles were tragic for lives were lost, and the savings and efforts of years carried away by the swirling waters. But usually there was enough food, although one winter (1879-80) many people lived mostly on barley-meal ground in small hand mills. Another year, in the early eighties, President John Taylor had a carload of flour sent to the St. Johns colony. In addition to a scarcity of irrigation water in St. Johns, it was also a problem to obtain water for use in the houses or to drink. At first the wells were good, but the well water later turned brackish, and so drinking water had to be hauled in from wells a few miles away at a cost of five cents a bucket. Washings were done in ditch water after it had been allowed to settle in forty-gallon barrels that stood by the garden ditch. Baths

were taken in well water and rain water was caught and saved, or snow was melted for special washing and shampooing, so mothers kept their families well and clean with a variety of waters!

In the St. Johns country our colonization was definitely resented by Mexican leaders and "cattle barons" who were there when our people came. A strong anti-Mormon feeling was fanned into a bright flame by a few men. The town newspaper and other records reveal that Mormon leaders were refused the ballot, and it was repeatedly advocated that they be driven out or killed. The women were slandered and villified in terms calculated to start a war. I recall clearly the "lot-jumping episode" in St. Johns. I stood on a chair between mother and Aunt Ida and watched our men tearing down a fence that other men were trying to build. I saw a big team hauling a little shanty toward Brother Babbit's lot which the "strangers" planned to "jump." A man tried to shoot the team. Twice the gun clicked but it did not fire. A little later it was learned that the firing of that gun was to have been the signal for a group of men who had been specially armed for the occasion, to start a war of extermination of the Mormon men. I remember well how mother and Aunt Ida knelt in prayer, each in turn supplicating God that this trouble and hate might pass away without death or destruction coming into our homes.

There came a time when Mormon leaders living in plural marriage were indicted by the courts. By great sacrifice funds were raised for their defense.

At a quarterly conference in St. Johns, Apostle Brigham Young called on the brethren in the northern towns to fast and attend a prayer meeting to pray for their enemies. Each of the six leaders of the "St. Johns' Ring" were remembered before the Lord and were placed in His hands.

Some of the brethren were convicted by the courts and taken from their families to be sent to jail. A few fled to Mexico. In two or three years those who had been imprisoned were home again and within that time a strange fate had overtaken the six leaders of the persecution. Five of the six men met death suddenly and violently under circumstances that convinced many of their close friends that unusual accidents and "bolts from the blue," which could never have been fabricated by man, had a strange and uncanny way of doing away with anti-Mormons. The sixth member of the "Ring" had become a true friend of the Mormon people and remained so to the end of his long and honored life.

BY the nineties a new generation began to play its part. Young couples began to build new homes, and rear families to whom Arizona was the only home. Zion had increased her borders. The communities in Arizona boasted schools, churches, stores, and assets that marked them as a permanent part of the ever-widening regions being made habitable by Mormon endurance and hard work. To the new pattern of courage and sacrifice, faith and trust which they had been forced to de-

(*Continued on page 220*)

Tomorrow's Cup

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter I

IT was a golden day at El Toro, the first of a delayed spring. Janet stood at the window, her thoughts as far from the day as this Indian trading post home of hers was from civilization. The sun tinted her eyelids and glowed warm against her face. But, though she was nerve-cold, she pushed its small comfort aside and gazed again, rebelliously, into the blue-gold distance. Distance that piled up and up into ships and spires and temples in the Monument Valley; into mountains a hundred miles away, yet vividly near and distinct in the sunlight. Not a living thing in sight. Not a sound to echo against the cliffs.

"Is this all there is for me?" she questioned desperately. "This—awful emptiness?" Her hands gripped the stone window ledge and her eyes swam with tears. Why had she ever thought she could be happy in such a place? Even with a husband as dashing and satisfying as Paul it was unendurable. How could a country so vast close in on one so? For three years she had fought it with all her strength, yet it had yielded not an inch. If only she hadn't met Paul and fallen in love with him! It had seemed so unimportant, then, where she would live. She'd reasoned that husbands could be lured away later. Paul was brilliant, educated, and resourceful; he could make his way in any country. It had taken so little to quiet her fears. Now they confronted her with terrifying insistence.

"Why *do* I fear it so?" she cried, knowing as always that there was no one to hear. Her father loved every foot of it. Every mound, every cliff, every ancient dwelling. They only frightened her. To him they were open books of the past; to her they were walls of a prison. She wished she'd never listened to his glowing tales, then she'd never have come to this country at all. She'd have stayed in Washington, D.C. where she belonged. She'd have stayed and married a nice respectable congressman, or someone, and not have had a thing to worry about.

SUMMER after summer her father had brought back wonderful tales. Following each archeological expedition he'd say: "Janet, I must take you with me next time," until he'd finally won out. She'd thrown prudence aside, left Washington in "Cherry Tree Time"—and —and longed for it ever since!

She had felt so sure of herself there in Washington—with Paul as their guest, the center of attraction, telling his tall tales of grandeur and of the empire he and Janet meant to build up—sure of Paul. Once they were married it would be easy to make him see that he belonged in her sphere. And so she had gone to San Juan. Now, after three years, she was no nearer leaving it than on the day she had entered it.

"Oh, what's the use!" she cried, her thoughts suddenly becoming intolerable. "Paul is gone. Juanee is gone. Only Taos and I remain, to

wait and wait." The Indian woman —faithful as a shadow—would have been some company. But she had gone, leaving Janet in the blackest mood she'd ever experienced. If there was a single human sound she could stand it. If, even, the dog would wake up and bark. But Taos was asleep in the sun, like everything else, and oblivious to her misery.

"Taos," she spoke his name tentatively. "Taos, wake up."

Taos yawned, stretched, cocked a brown ear and opened one eye, but saw nothing to get excited about.

"See? I may as well be in the Sahara Desert!" Why had she let Juanee go back to camp? She, at least, would have grunted when spoken to. Juanee's man had gone to the spring roundup with Paul, and Juanee was homesick for her mother's hogan, so she had gone home. Well, that was something Janet could understand. She was homesick too. Not only homesick for Paul—life without him was intolerable—but homesick for *her* home. Sick for the sight of green things in the spring. Not just desert green—sharply defined against red rocks that got redder and hotter with every hour of sun—but rain and lawn green. Lawns banked with sunlight on the Potomac; and the white pillars of homes.

Water! Streaming from faucets, instead of standing stagnant, in wooden barrels, or in gritty pockets in the rocks. Water to swim in. Water to waste! Here, in the desert, the sand dyed and stained; swirled and drifted with the wind. Never an hour the same, until you wearied of looking at it. And the first thing you knew you began to drift with it, shriveling up and rolling along until you struck a snag; there you clung until a stronger force dislodged you and sent you reeling again. Nowhere. Everywhere. Looking for water!

JANET sighed and turned back into the spacious living room. There at least was familiarity, if not contentment. Her own books and pictures; her own chairs. Outside, the more you looked the more unfamiliar things became. Every day you saw something for the first time and it wearied you. Inside, a fire smouldered; for, though spring was well on its way, the air from the river came in damp and cold. Cold and withholding, like the country it traversed yet failed to nourish. It was this river—the San Juan—that Janet hated more than all the rest.

The house itself was a luxurious den of a place, low and inviting. Broad windows, framing sage and rust flooded the room with light. Chairs stood beside the fireplace, or were placed where they would lure one to the windows; floors, rubbed to show the grain, stained to enhance the knots of pine, gleamed in the firelight. The rooms wandered comfortably in and out of each other just as El Toro wandered among its outer buildings—the store, the warehouses, the barns, and the corra These quarreled for an importanc they could never achieve. Only E Toro—against a fifty-foot cliff flan ing at noon, purpling to shadows night—could claim that. And som times, in the heat, the cliff alon caught the eye. Isolated from t world by sand, by canyons, by d

tance, and by God's design, man's puny contrivances faded into insignificance—to glow again, as a flicker of candlelight in the darkness following the lurid day.

Janet appraised the house with trained eyes; it was just as it should be, fitting into its surroundings as a hand into a long-used glove. Hate the outside as she would, this was home and she'd hate to leave it.

She looked guiltily around as if her thought had been overheard. It was the first time she had expressed it openly to herself; and daring to think it gave her strength. She would endure this a few months longer because she would not let it dwarf her. But now she had an incentive stronger than herself. An incentive that even Paul would recognize. She would not bring a *child* up in such a place. When Paul knew she was going to have a baby, then, of course, he'd know they would have to leave El Toro.

A FLARE of wind brought an acrid odor to Janet's nostrils. She wrinkled her nose against it from force of habit and went to the door to look out. All the willow and campfire smells in the world, all the odors of wet wool and hair, were baled into the baskets and blankets and hides that were piled to the ceilings in El Toro's warehouse. Janet surveyed them disdainfully. All this represented the dollars Paul was daily pouring into the banks. It was so ridiculously easy to make money here where there was nothing to spend it for! Paul should be matching wits with his equals, not with savages in a savage country.

All at once Taos began to bark as if he couldn't contain himself. The sound was so sudden that Janet almost screamed. She spoke to him sharply, but he refused to be quieted. She had never seen him act like that except at Paul's approach, and Paul was fifty miles away. He and all the other men on the desert, whites and Indians alike, were at the roundup. There was no need to even keep the store open for there was no one to buy. Yet Taos was announcing someone. It wasn't a warning bark; it was more a puzzled, uneasy delight.

Suddenly there came a sliding, scrambling sound against the cliff back of the house. Taos dashed for it. Janet followed cautiously. When she reached the corner of the house there was Paul, scruffing Taos with both hands and warding off the dog's too affectionate tongue, stretching his neck to keep his face out of reach, turning laughingly from side to side, enjoying the dog's greeting.

"Paul!" Janet could hardly speak from surprise.

"Janet!" Paul threw Taos from him and came to Janet with outstretched arms. "Blame the dog anyway!" he laughed. "I nearly break my neck trying to surprise you and he yelps out the whole story!"

"Paul, you scared me. How did you—You didn't slide down that cliff?"

Even before she asked the question, Janet had taken in the significance of the dangling rope that hung suspended from the top of the cliff nearly down to Paul's head.

"Sure I slid down the cliff," Paul answered. "Slid down like a thief. A man has to drop out of the skies to surprise you. You're so calm and undisturbable."

Janet looked away. It was hard to meet Paul's frank, admiring eyes. Calm! Undisturbable! Only a minute ago, alone, afraid, she had wanted to rock the desert out of its eternal complacency. Now, with Paul home again, El Toro was a wonderful place.

She held Paul off to look at him. Brown and lean, he was the essence of masculine attraction. He had the tenderest eyes and the most challenging grin in the world. But, as always, his hold over her was a little annoying. She couldn't resist a good natured jibe.

"The roundup, Paul?" she said. "You didn't, by any chance, find that they could get along without you?"

"Without me? I'll say they couldn't! Any more than I could get along without you."

"You win by sheer gallantry! Why, then, are you home? Two full weeks ahead of time."

"I came for you."

"Me?" Janet's monosyllable was equal to Juanee's clipped speech.

"Yah. Me come. Takum off to mountains. Steal squaw. No come back one week. Heap like um squaw. All time lonesome—"

"Paul, stop talking Navajo and tell me why you're home. Is anything wrong?"

"Plenty. I lost some cows on the mesa. That means they'll have to get along without their top hand for one whole week."

"The cows?"

"Never, we're going to camp right among them. It's the Whackies I'm talking about. You'll love camping for a week."

"But Paul—"

"Don't object, girl. Juanee is on her way home to look after the place."

Janet wasn't thinking of the place, but of herself. Would horseback riding be good for her? For the baby?

SHE slipped out of Paul's arms. Taos had waited for that and he bounded into them. Paul shoved him aside with his boot. "You're as big a nuisance as a kid," he grinned. "Darned if you're not!"

Janet looked at him quickly, suspiciously. Did Paul know already? Evidently not, for he was blissfully launching into plans for the camping trip. Janet sighed with relief. Paul was such a whirlwind.

"Get some grub together, Jan," he said affectionately. "We've got to pull our stuff up the cliff with the rope. I'll get some panniers from the store. I couldn't take time to go twenty miles around to the road so I just slid down." His jaw fell. "And, my north star, how'm I going to get you up!"

"Through the Devil's Corridor, silly. Had you forgotten that?"

Paul scratched his head reflectively. "I've not thought of that crack in more than a year. That's the most prideful thing at El Toro."

"You told me so the day you brought me here." Janet looked at him queerly. "And I thought *I'd* be the most prideful thing at El Toro."

"Girl, sometimes I think you don't like El Toro!"

Paul's answer startled Janet with its perception. She wanted to say she wished she didn't, but the words wouldn't come. You could think and think when you were alone, but

you didn't speak your thoughts to Paul Morgan. At least not the way you thought them. Yet, sometime, that, or something else, had to be said. Paul must be made to understand that you couldn't bring up a child a million miles from nowhere.

Paul sensed her withdrawal. "I'll get the panniers from the store," he said briefly. "Sure you want to come along?"

"Of course I do." Janet laughed shakily, and Paul grinned his relief.

IN a few minutes he was back from the store with the panniers. "I'll have to go back and empty the mouse traps and fix up a window shade that has come loose. Everything in the store will fade. Injuns don't like pale colors. You pack while I'm doing it. Huh?"

Janet nodded. "Work fast; we'll have to get up through the Corridor before dark. That crack terrifies me."

"Nothing scares you, Jan. You're enough of a mustang for that. And do I like you! Any mail?"

"Nothing important." Janet's voice was uncertain. "It's—It's on your desk, Paul."

As soon as Paul was out of sight she sat down weakly. Not afraid! "Paul, you blind idiot, can't you see that I sleep with fear at my back?"

She got up and examined the panniers. One in each hand she weighed their possibilities. Queer things; she'd never packed one of them but she supposed she could do it. She got the food, bedding, and dishes together and stacked them on the porch, hoping Paul would be back in time to put them in the big canvas bags. But he was still in the store so she went to work on them herself, putting things in in the order they would be needed. Lunch cloths, dish towels, sheets, she simply couldn't sleep in itchy old blankets, and her personal things for one side. Canned goods, bake oven, frying pan for the other.

There, it was done. Paul would be pleased. He hated fussing over details. He liked large scale operations; that was the reason they were constantly involved in things that threatened to swamp them. Still, Paul usually won out, kept ahead of the game. She looked up, flushed and anxious to be off. Now she could get dressed. Why didn't Paul come?

HALF an hour later, slim legs encased in riding pants, a soft shirt under her jacket, Janet stood waiting. Still no Paul. The sun was getting low. Why didn't he hurry? She ran along the board walk to the store, expecting to see Paul going about locking up. What she saw was his big boots sticking up above his desk, his nice long frame slanted back into his office chair. He was sound asleep!

For a second she was angry. How like a man! Then she saw the tired sag of his whole body. He looked years older, unmasked that way in sleep. She'd heard cowboys say that they were in for a couple of weeks in the saddle, but she hadn't taken it literally. Paul must not have slept for days.

"Paul! Paul, wake up!" Janet touched his rough cheek gently. Paul didn't move, and she hadn't the heart to call again. She sat down on a sack of wool, regardless of her riding suit, and watched him sleep.

Truly it was a process. How could anyone rest, and work at it so hard? In another minute she was giggling. He looked so funny!

A great snore shook Paul from stem to stern; he shuddered and opened his eyes, still clogged with sleep. Janet laughed again. "Paul, you big goof!"

Paul sighed regretfully. "For Pete's sake I've been asleep."

"It's a good thing I didn't see you for the first time while you were asleep, or you'd have been a bachelor yet. Unless—"

"Unless what?" Paul winked the sleep out of his brain.

"Unless you'd married someone else."

"Who? Me?"

That was one of the reasons she tortured herself hourly by staying in a place she hated—his utter disbelief that he could ever have married anyone else. In spite of the country it made being together worth while.

"I'm a mug to go to sleep, wasting time that I could spend with you!" He kissed her and they dashed for the house.

"I have the panniers all packed, Paul."

"Fine! Save a lot of time." Paul surveyed the panniers. He took one in each hand, balanced one, then the other, testing their weight.

"Good night!" The expression was loaded with amazement. Without bothering to explain, he began pulling everything out of the bags, mixing them up in his own way—canned goods here, there, and everywhere. It seemed to Janet that he was deliberately mussing things up, putting her carefully ironed towels and lunch cloths inside bake ovens; knives and forks in frying pans; everything of her own poked in where nothing else seemed to fit. Suddenly she was consumed with anger. Never in her life had she seen such ruthless disregard. She turned and went to the water barrel bolted to a juniper tree at the corner of the house. Taos came and licked her hand. She patted his head absently. "Why did he act that way, Taos? I wish I'd never seen this place!"

(To be continued)

THE EVENING PRIMROSE

Lydia Hall

Just why you fashioned all this loveliness
Of white-winged petals, heavenly perfume;
Or why you placed upon the desert's breast
A gem so rare and sweet as is this bloom,
I cannot tell, O God, but this I know:
I'm thankful I have seen primroses blow.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

OF inestimable value to the woman of America is the training in first aid and home nursing provided by the Red Cross. Not only is such knowledge essential in case of war casualties and epidemics on the home front, but through future years it will make for more healthful families, and more sanitary and efficient homekeeping. The Relief Society with its remarkable organization and system, is cooperating with the Red Cross in making these courses available to additional thousands.

SINCE Utah was granted statehood, fifty-five women have served in her legislature. There are five women members in the present legislature.

THE name of Mrs. Mary C. Hogle of Salt Lake City, has been inscribed on the roll of honor of the National Recreational Association. Mrs. Hogle merits this high honor. Thousands of Utah children and young people have been blessed with opportunities for happiness and progress through her boundless kindness. Mrs. Hogle believes that crime and suffering can be averted through wholesome recreation.

ABOUT three-quarters of a century ago, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote about woman's new freedom. Woman's larger intellectual outlook, her growing sympathy for other women, and the working together of men and women philanthropists—all have helped to make true democracy. How much greater woman's freedom today!

AMERICA has recently had distinguished women visitors from China, Holland, Norway, France, Russia, England, South America, and exiles from Germany. Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton of London said that World War II would establish the economic freedom of women, as the last one established their political freedom.

MISS Elizabeth Hyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon T. Hyde and granddaughter of the late President and Mrs. Anthony W. Ivins, was the first native Utah girl to join the WAAC's.

WITHIN the past few weeks the following Latter-day Saint women have passed away:

Mrs. Lydia Holdaway of Provo, 92; Mrs. Elizabeth Wood Leigh of Cedar City, 91; Mrs. Lucy Ellen Godfrey of Ogden, 94; Mrs. Rachel Fortie Giles of Heber City, 92; Mrs. Deborah Obray Jones of Cache Valley, 98.

THE following Latter-day Saint couples have celebrated their golden wedding anniversaries or marked anniversaries over fifty years:

The Herman Ahlanders, Charles Ruggeris, Geo. W. Bairds, W. A. Langfords, Oliver L. Wilcoxes, William Huffs, John T. Baxters, Franklin E. Carlstons, (50 years); Orson Sessionses (51); Frank Manns (51); James C. Thompsons, W. T. Grovers, Laronzo Days, (60); the Edmund Reeses (61); and the C. W. Pecks (70 years).

EDITORIAL

Vol. 30 MARCH, 1943 No. 3

Precedence of Relief Society Service

WHEN the Prophet Joseph Smith with prophetic vision organized the Relief Society, he marked out objectives for it so broad and so encompassing that the capabilities and talents of all Latter-day Saint women may find full expression in a devotion to carrying out the purposes for which the Society was founded.

As it was a unique organization in the realm of women and their activities in that year of 1842, so today, 101 years later, at a time when women's organizations are the rule rather than the exception, it is still a unique organization and towers pre-eminent above them all; for it is the only woman's organization in the world established by a prophet of the Lord. The Prophet directed it along the path that it has continued to travel ever since, primarily a path of service to humanity, service that has ever been actuated by a spirit of love for the Gospel.

Membership in this organization carries with it a grave responsibility. Lip service and good will alone will not suffice. It is the woman's auxiliary of the Church, and as such, it is the proper channel through which women members of the Church serve.

Its greatest strength lies in the fact that direction and guidance have ever been given it by the Priesthood of God. The general presidency of the Relief Society, who with the other members of the General Board plan the work of Relief Society, is directed by the presidency of the Church; the Relief Society stake presidencies, who with their Boards carry on the work in the stakes, are directed by the stake presidencies; the ward Relief Society officers, who are responsible for carrying on the work in the wards, are directed by the bishoprics; and all these Relief Society officers are chosen by the Priesthood, and are responsible to them. Those sisters so chosen may rightly feel that they have been called to their positions of responsibility by inspiration, and that their offerings have been accepted of the Lord, just as the Prophet Joseph affirmed to that original small group of women desirous of banding together to further the work on the temple, that the Lord had accepted their offering and that He had something better for them than a written constitution. As we all know the Relief Society was the organization that the Lord had for His faithful daughters.

When we recall the early beginnings of the Society, the instructions, and promises made to its members which continue in force today, it is evident that the allegiance of each sister in the Church should be wholeheartedly behind the Relief Society. With the present outlook on affairs in the world and the picture that has been given us by our leaders of the sorrows and afflictions which lie in the future, it is a time when the women of the Church should devote all possible energies to building up the Relief Society and helping to carry on its work. The program of the

organization is constantly expanding not only to provide for the increased needs of the organization itself and the Church Welfare Program, but also to aid the humanitarian efforts of the Red Cross, to sew in the interest of the war effort, to help supply certain services for hospitals, and other services called for in wartime. Further obligations may face us any day.

The blessings which the Lord pours out on His daughters serving in this Church auxiliary are inexpressible. Through attendance at meetings each woman is strengthened and comforted by the beautiful spirit that is present. Expressions of gratitude and appreciation are spoken which serve as strong cords to bind the members of Relief Society into a close circle of sisterly love and devotion. Burdens are lightened through the performance of duties for others. Even aside from the intellectual benefits, and they are numerous, which Relief Society members receive, active membership in the Society is vital for the spiritual blessings which are experienced from participation in the organization, for the Lord looks with favor upon His daughters who love and serve Him, and who unselfishly work for the joy of others.

Let us as sisters in Zion dedicate ourselves anew to the work we have been called upon to perform. May we prove ourselves as worthy as our dear sisters of long ago, who eagerly seized the opportunity presented to them by the Prophet Joseph Smith and who earned the promised reward: "You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to these principles how great and glorious will be your reward in the celestial kingdom! If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates."—*M. C. S.*

Anniversary of Salt Lake Temple Dedication

IT is with feelings of deep gratitude and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father that the members of the Relief Society will recall on April 6, 1943, the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. In speaking of the Salt Lake Temple, Brigham Young once said:

> I want this temple that we are now building to the name of our God, to stand for all time to come as a monument of the industry, faithfulness, faith, and integrity of the Latter-day Saints who were driven into the mountains.

During the fifty years since the dedication of this sacred edifice, many of the women of the Church have labored long and earnestly in this temple for themselves and their dead. The best way to express our feelings to the Lord on the great privileges and blessings which are ours this day in being permitted to enter temples and receive endowments therein is to show forth an increase of diligence and works in laboring in our temples.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society—Stake Quarterly Conference

IN stakes where the regular sessions of stake Quarterly Conference are concluded in the afternoon and where an additional evening session is planned, Relief Society, if invited by the stake presidency, may share in the use of this Sunday evening session during the summer quarter, June 13 through October 3. Stake Relief Society presidents should ascertain from their respective stake presidents whether or not they are to be invited to participate in this Sunday evening meeting. This should be done sufficiently early to allow for adequate preparation.

The following suggestive program has been prepared by the General Board for use on this occasion:

Program

Theme: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I. Scriptural reading with music accompaniment. (5 minutes)

II. Symposium: Subject—"The Vital Strength of Relief Society in Meeting the Emergent Needs of Today."

A. Introduction .....Chairman

B. Phases of subject to be treated:

1. The practical, physical needs as they are met by Relief Society in general, and particularly by our stake. (10 minutes)—Stake Relief Society President
2. Correct attitudes formed through authentic, timely information, and intellectual understanding. (7 minutes)
3. Relief Society a spiritual compass to its members. (10 minutes)

C. Summary .....Chairman

III. Scriptural reading Numbers 6:24-26, with music accompaniment. (3 minutes)

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The complete program with detailed suggestions for its presentation will be mailed to each Relief Society stake president.

Publication of Magazine Honor Roll Delayed

THE honor roll of stakes and missions published in recognition of those Relief Societies and their *Magazine* representatives reporting a 1942 subscription list equal to seventy-five percent or more of their total Relief Society membership, was to have appeared in the March 1943 issue of the *Magazine* according to an announcement of the General Board made in the *Relief Society Magazine*, May 1941, page 303.

The General Board regrets to announce that due to delay in annual

report forms with which *Magazine* subscription report forms must be compared, the publication of the *Magazine* honor roll will be delayed until May.

Relief Society officers and *Magazine* representatives are to be commended upon their efforts during the past year in the interest of the *Magazine*. The present circulation is the largest in the history of the periodical. This is particularly gratifying at a time when the *Magazine* is so greatly needed by Latter-day Saint women.

The General Board appreciates the many demands now made upon the time and ability of women and acknowledges with gratitude the loyal service of those who have secured the present large number of *Magazine* subscriptions.

Relief Society women will await with interest the publication of the honor roll, and those whose names appear on this roll may feel justly proud.

Relief Society Broadcast, March 14, 1943

THROUGH courtesy of the Church Radio Committee the time of the regular Sunday evening hour of the Church on March 14, 1943, from 9:15 to 9:45 p.m. M.W.T. over radio station KSL is being given over to the use of the Relief Society in recognition of its 101st birthday which falls on March 17, 1943.

President Amy Brown Lyman will be the speaker; and music for the program will be under the direction of Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen, member of the Relief Society General Board.

1943 Red Cross War Fund Campaign

THE Relief Society General Board calls to the attention of Relief Society women the 1943 Red Cross War Fund Campaign which is now underway, and recommends that announcement of this campaign be made in Relief Society meetings and that Relief Society members, as individuals, be urged to contribute liberally to this worthy cause. Funds for the humanitarian work of the Red Cross are more urgently needed this year than ever before, and the campaign merits the support of every individual who is earning. Solicitations for funds began March 1, 1943.

The policy of the General Board with respect to Relief Society participation in Red Cross work remains the same as stated in Blue Bulletin No. 24, as follows:

"The policy of the General Board, approved by the First Presidency, with respect to Red Cross calls for funds is to give publicity to them and to encourage members of the Relief Society to respond to such calls, as individuals. This means that Relief Society would not be used as an agency for the actual collection of funds.

"Contributions to the Red Cross should not be made by Relief Society organizations as such, from the funds of the organization. It is not ex-

pected that one relief organization should contribute to another from the funds collected for its own particular work."

The letter sent to ward bishoprics by the First Presidency, recognizing the lofty ideals and compassionate services of the American Red Cross, and endorsing the 1943 Red Cross War Fund Campaign is reproduced herewith:

February 15, 1943

TO THE BISHOPRICS OF THE CHURCH:

The mission of the Red Cross is to serve humanity; it fosters kindliness of spirit; it radiates Christian brotherhood. Wherever there is a wounded soldier, wherever there is pain or suffering on the field of battle or at the home front there may be found the tender mercies of the ameliorating services of this beneficent organization.

It is one banner under which all humankind may enlist in a common cause of mercy and compassion.

Millions of men in armed forces are marching, sailing, and flying to kill and to conquer. Millions of men and women under the international banner of the Red Cross are marching to administer relief, to give succor, and to save.

To make effective and successful this humanitarian work, funds are indispensable—this year more than ever before. The campaign for "The 1943 Red Cross War Fund" is already under way. This is not the annual roll call, nor a drive for membership, but it is an appeal to every person earning a dollar to contribute to a great and worthy cause.

The Church, recognizing the services of the American National Red Cross as conforming to the lofty ideals and divine principles proclaimed by the Savior of mankind, now urges all its members to contribute funds more liberally than ever before to succor the wounded, to aid the sick, and to comfort the distressed.

Red Cross Sunday is February 28, 1943. Solicitations will begin March 1, 1943.

Now is the time for every man, woman, and child to heed the Nation's clarion call to service.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Heber J. Grant
J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
David O. McKay
The First Presidency

Graduate Nurses Urged to Return Inventory Cards

THE General Board is pleased to cooperate with the National Nursing Council for War Service by requesting stake and mission Relief Society presidents in the United States to announce through their local Societies the inventory of the nursing forces of the country which is now underway. This inventory is being conducted by means of a schedule to be filled in by all registered nurses, irrespective of age, including those actively employed and those who are married or retired. It is believed that there may be many registered nurses not now employed in nursing work who might be available in a national emergency. The states and the nation must know the strength of its nurse power in case of local or national emergency. Each state in the nation has its own registration bureau, and every graduate nurse should contact the bureau in her state and obtain a schedule to be filled in and returned to the bureau.

The Abuse of Hate in Wartime

Mark K. Allen
Psychologist, Utah State Training School

JESUS, Teacher of peace, uttered thought provoking words when He said "Love thine enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Now that war has become our principal occupation, we wonder how the doctrine of love and forgiveness might be interpreted today.

Our enemies have scoffed at our Christian ideals as the babble of weaklings. Their leaders believe that our greatest weakness is that we are Christian. Their greatest hope in defeat will be that we Christians will be generous at the peace table.

Friedrich Nietzsche, German philosopher of the nineteenth century, spoke derisively of humility, and his words have been flaunted at us repeatedly by modern dictators. Nietzsche argued that the Christian virtues of service to others, humility, kindness, and sympathy are incompatible with strength. Associated with scorn of gentle virtues is an overbearing militarism and lust for power. Our opponents believe only the strong and ruthless will survive. With this philosophy goes an utter lack of toleration of the rights of others. Thus Hitler teaches that "The nationalization of the great masses can never take place by way of half measures, by weak emphasis upon a so-called objective viewpoint, but by a ruthless and fanatically one-sided orientation as to the goal to be aimed at."

We need search no further than our daily papers of the past few years, or numerous passages in Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, to learn what these teachings have meant to the Jewish people or other non-German nations under their domination. General Haushofer once said that "Not one of these smaller nations has a right to independent existence."

We in America today are sharply challenged by this question of race prejudice. In other lands, the problem of racial intolerance is distinctly different from ours. Shall we forsake our Christian and democratic ideals for fear there is something inherently weak in them which might finally give the victory to our opponents? Or should we rally the strength that is latent in Christian principles to bring peace again to the world? The problem is not a remote one for us, but one that affects the daily adjustments of most of us.

In a democracy, we are committed to the doctrine that all people are created more or less equal, and America has become the great melting pot for all peoples of the world. Our opponents hope that the racial groups of which our nation is made up will hate each other; they work by every device for internal strife and disunity as part of their "divide and conquer" plan. The ideal of the brotherhood of man is a lofty one, and perhaps only approximately attainable by finite man; but it is an ideal without which there can be no strength born of unity in America.

The problem of how to treat enemy nationals in our midst is no

easy one. "Fifth column" dangers have made us doubly suspicious. We *should* be cautious, but no good will come from blindly hating those of enemy nationality.

THE role of hatred in war is an interesting one. Perhaps in actual physical combat it has a function. The emotions of hate and fear bring about certain bodily changes which make one fight better. Substances are poured into the blood which release stored up energy facilitating flight or strenuous combat. The blood rushes to the large muscles, the blood vessels in the skin constrict and the blood clots more easily reducing the loss of blood in case of injury. In severe hatred the intellectual processes are dulled to some extent and the individual becomes more fearless of death.

However, short of actual combat, violent hatred may waste energy and actually interfere with efficiency. Most of us civilians can be of more assistance by directing our energies into concrete tasks to help win the war. Hatred is contagious and may interfere with the work of others. Enemy nationals among us may be good citizens and just as anxious for us to win the war as we are. A lack of tolerance on our part may interfere with their doing their bit and may even turn them into enemy agents.

One reason we cannot recommend hatred without qualification as a weapon of war is that it is so ungovernable, so difficult to direct. Emotional reactions are much less specific than most responses to stimulation. A person who is angry has a "chip on his shoulder" and may be gruff with everyone. When we experience a prejudice or hatred, our stream of thought is given a certain "set" or direction which makes it impossible for us to be objective or to see all sides of a question. This tendency to respond to "reduced cues" or only part of the situation is found in almost all kinds of behavior, although especially in emotional behavior. Thus, we read this sentence by seeing only the outlines of the words. Test this by covering with another piece of paper the lower half of the line of print you are now reading. Notice how well you can still follow the meaning. When we hear certain footsteps approach, we know that children are home from school, and these sounds are not often mistaken for the mail man at the door.

Emotional responses are frequently made to reduced symbols or fragments of previous experiences. A bit of ribbon, an old letter, a pair of little shoes bring back a whole train of pleasant experiences. On a more complex scale, we make many of our judgments about people and many of our important decisions and formulations of opinion on the basis of how we *feel* about only certain aspects of the situation. Thus, we may have been cheated by a tall blond salesman and thereafter we react negatively to all tall blond people.

Racial prejudices partake of this same sort of process. We are likely to think of all foreigners as being more or less alike. Very often we are likely to think of all of a given nationality as falling into a rather definite mold both as to physical appearance and mental characteristics. Negroes are mostly black, the

Japanese yellow in complexion; but experiments have demonstrated how difficult it is for most of us to even identify persons of various nationalities by their appearance alone. Our caricatures of the comic sections and cartoons are attempts to use the "outlines" of people by which we are most likely to identify them. Caricatures in turn define outstanding characteristics for us, sometimes giving us a false impression of the definiteness of the characteristics. Thus, the college professor is made to appear a dry, prosy person with spectacles and a stiff neck. The Japanese are made to look heinous beasts, the Germans like very stern, heartless militarists—all with much more striking characteristics than, in reality, are ordinarily seen.

The moral and mental characteristics of individuals and races are likely to be judged by a more or less abbreviated outline or picture in our minds of what they are.

THESE preconceived patterns into which we place people or traits of character are known in social psychology as *stereotypes*. They are very common to all of us. A well-known error of reasoning known as the "whole-part fallacy" is quite similar to stereotypes. According to reports of a few years ago, the Russian people had a stereotyped opinion of us which saw us as a nation of "money-grabbing capitalists," "playboys," gangsters, bootleggers, or divorcees. Investigation revealed that they formed this opinion of us largely through knowing us only through our moving pictures circulated in Russia in which these types of persons were played up too much—the fallacy of judging the whole by the part again. Newspaper headlines about crime and divorce also help to promote this kind of error, simply because headlines are usually about the unusual, not the commonplace, happenings.

Stereotypes are the warp and woof of race prejudice and hatred. When we fully acquaint ourselves with any nationality, we are less likely to continue in our prejudices. Wars would be considerably less likely if we knew more about each other and could really understand one another's point of view in world affairs. Familiarity with others does not always mean friendliness, but friendliness is not possible without some familiarity. Stereotypes are the molds into which we force individuals—they are not total, nor pictures based on a thorough knowledge of other people.

War intensifies and solidifies stereotypes; it makes them more emotional in tone, less impartial and intellectual. Atrocity propaganda is aimed at making the enemy appear inhumane and brutal. Unfortunately, the by-product of necessary war propaganda is that such vivid stereotypes are built up that we see all enemy nationals in terms of these stereotypes. Our emotional reactions to the enemy define the stereotypes, and the stereotypes in turn determine our conduct toward enemy nationals among us. Little do we stop to think that these people may, and often do, have very little sympathy with the aims of the enemy. Certainly, in a democracy, these people should be judged to some extent on their own merits, and not entirely in terms of what the enemy of similar nationality has done or is doing to us.

If we were to view the available evidence dispassionately, we would see that the differences between individuals of a given nationality are probably greater on the average than are the differences between one nationality and another. There are all kinds of people in every nation, good, bad, and indifferent. We need not judge the whole by the bad part we may have known.

For the sake of perpetuating the Christian democratic ideal of the brotherhood of man, we should be excused for taking some justifiable risks in being tolerant toward other nationalities among us. We should be cautious, of course, but we should guard against destroying unwittingly the very ideals we are fighting for. The challenge to make democracy function is a serious one, since our enemies abuse all of our democratic freedoms in an effort to destroy us, or to make us destroy those freedoms ourselves.

WHAT shall we conclude, then, about hatred in war? Is it evil, should we love our enemies and do only good to them? Perhaps the best answer is for us to learn who our true enemies are, and do everything possible in righteousness to render them powerless, for two important reasons: (1) because if we do not disarm them, they will destroy us, our children, and other innocent people; and (2) because the ideal of the brotherhood of man demands that we unite to preserve the rights of *all* peoples to live in peace and good will. Our procedure will be actuated by a cool intelligence, it will lead to positive contributions to the war effort; but it will not be diverted into personal crusades against possibly innocent enemy nationals among us. We will be cautious, not hateful toward enemy nationals among us; and when there are reasonable grounds for suspecting enemies among us, we will report to proper governmental authorities, otherwise we shall keep our counsel.

As a concrete formula, then, for civilian guidance in the emotion-clouded atmosphere of racial prejudice, we propose the following:—

1. Learn to analyze the bases of our prejudices, and beware of "stereotypes."

2. Remember the wide range of individual differences in all nationalities. Try to judge people on their individual merits, not by their racial labels.

3. Don't emulate the racial philosophy of dictators, its delusions of a master race, the wickedness of its fanatical oppression of minority groups.

4. Remember our responsibility to make the Christian ideal of the brotherhood of man work and survive this great struggle of conflicting ideologies.

5. In upholding democratic ideals, let us not be blind to enemy abuses of democratic principles to bring about our destruction or to force us to destroy our principles.

6. Be cautious, not hateful. Don't burn up your energy in aimless hatred. Don't take up personal crusades against enemy nationals, but report to governmental authorities individuals you have reasonable grounds to think should be investigated.

Fruits of The Good Earth

Hazel D. Moyle

Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

AMONG the sweetest of my childhood memories are those times when we children were allowed to intrude into my grandmother's sanctum sanctorum, her own private refuge and pride, her neat and well-tended kitchen garden where she spent so many long and happy hours.

I still recall with a thrill, the delight of entering through that stout and forbidding gate which could close with such finality to keep out flocks of marauding hens and their numerous families, occasionally wandering and curious cows, and yes, squads of assorted sized, eager youngsters of the neighborhood.

How exciting to be turned loose among such delectable goodness, what marvels of neatness and fresh smells abounded on all sides to invite healthy young appetites! Even the humble turnips were tender and sweet as we pulled them from the rich soil and ate them on the spot! Incredulously delicious were the tiny ripe strawberries we culled, and how enticing were the long, dangling, jeweled pennants of fruit which hung so invitingly on the rows of currant bushes, both the ruby-red and the translucent white varieties. While as for a certain precious grapevine—one of the few growing in the entire high mountain community—how we loved to reach up its ancient stems which coiled to the top of the wall to pluck the juicy clusters, eventually emerging with mouths gory with purple stain. Truly we reveled in the stored up sweetness of those carefully tended fruits and vegetables as we crammed them into hungry small mouths.

Both young and old were privileged to enjoy the full flavor of such home-grown fruits in those days, for almost every home had its rows of berry bushes. Then came the improved methods of transportation and market gardens to supply the family needs, and the growing of these small fruits gradually became less and less usual until now, we seldom see berry patches in any but the commercial gardens.

The sad ending to the story is that in choosing the easier way of acquiring our home fruits, we have renounced their greatest charm, their full and natural flavor. No market can bring these delicate fruits to our doors retaining the natural, delicious aroma intact, even in this age of miracles. Most berries are picked for the market before they are entirely ripe in order that they may "stand up" under the journey from grower to consumer; or if they are left on the bushes until they are ripe, they become a wilted and faded mass ere they have arrived at their destination. There are actually many of our own generation who have never tasted the true delights of these flavorsome but perishable fruits because they have eaten only those sold in the markets.

It is only when we eat these tender fruits soon after they are picked, with all their luscious goodness dew-

fresh, that we know all their true sweetness. Then indeed are they "food for the gods," real nectar and ambrosia.

BUT with the coming of war with its many demands upon the facilities of our own country, our Government is urging, yes even is demanding, that home owners again work the soil and make every bit of ground produce food. We are urged to include berried and other small fruits in our Victory Gardens to provide our own families with these necessities, and thus leave our market crops for our vast armies as well as our less fortunate Allies. Last year, many home gardeners found how profitable such an undertaking was, even in the small city backyard. Soon, we may again be enjoying all the joys of growing our own berries, and thus become acquainted with the newest types, some of which are vastly superior to the old varieties grown in grandmother's day.

In the case of strawberries, which are perhaps the easiest of all berries for the small city gardener to manage, one may now have not only early, mid-season, and late varieties, but high quality everbearing strains which will begin to produce soon after the June berries are over, and continue to provide berries of fine flavor and texture until late October. Such new varieties as "New Mammoth" are to be recommended for their fine quality.

By planting these everbearers as soon as the ground is workable, and by removing all runners as they appear as well as the first crop of blossoms, these everbearers will bear a full crop the same year that they are planted, whereas the ordinary strawberry does not produce a good crop until the second year after planting. Some growers advocate that the everbearers should be planted afresh every year, and the first crop of blossoms removed to store up strength for a full later crop, thus producing the finest berries in one short season.

A new variety of raspberry is also making history and giving home gardeners the benefit of a most luscious, seedless, and delicious of raspberries, far finer than any of the old common everbearing kinds. Imagine having these delightful fruits from mid-July on almost until snow flies! This is actually true of the new "Colossus." The first crop is produced on the canes which grew last year, and a later developing cane grows up and gives a long season during the fall months. The size, flavor, and color of this fine new variety of fruit are exceptional.

Almost any garden can find room for at least a few raspberry bushes, for they will do well in a little shade. While the bushes should have some sun, they will also welcome coolness and protection from hot drying conditions. Provide rich, well fertilized soil and plenty of moisture if you would grow berries of which you can boast to your neighbor. Two or three plants for each member of your family will supply you with berries enough for your table use. Do not plant too many bushes but give those you do plant good care and attention.

Currants and gooseberries are also excellent subjects for any backyard garden, for these, too, thrive well in some partially shady spot. Rich soil, plenty of moisture, and attention to pruning when the bushes have been

PIONEER GARDEN

Apricot, plum, and pear trees; raspberry, gooseberry, and currant bushes; and grapevine at extreme right are all found in this early day backyard.

growing a few years, will give good returns.

FOR the home gardener who has a little more room in which to grow fruit, we have those richly flavored berries that are almost classed as aristocrats, the zestful loganberry, the luscious and nectar filled boysenberry and the jolly plump blackberry. These fruits are fit subjects for some poet's rhyme when fully ripened and eaten dew-fresh from the bush. The tart and flavorless specimens often sold are but poor and tasteless shadows of these berries when picked in their prime—sweet and fragrant with the sun.

These berries should be trained on some support, and a pleasant little garden could surely be made by combining all of these fine subjects to make a small berry garden. Utility could combine with beauty, for the blackberries, dewberries, and others could be trained on any fence or trellis, while annual flowers could easily be planted between the bushes grown in rows, and thus they could receive moisture with no extra effort.

Warning should be given that only enough bushes for the family needs be planted. The picking of fruit becomes a task if large plantings are grown, and thus the fruit garden becomes a problem in upkeep. A few well-cared for plants will give far greater and better returns than a larger planting which is indifferently cultivated. Do not put out bushes enough to become burdensome.

Join the ranks of the city gardeners and bring to your table all the delicious fruits of the good and bounteous earth!

Winter Clothes in Summertime

Priscilla L. Evans
Member of Relief Society General Board

THE lengthening days and balmy air remind us that spring is here, and before we realize it, we shall be "stepping smartly into summer" with a wardrobe of cool, comfortable dresses. But this year it is wartime as well as summertime. Added responsibilities have come to homemakers and to those who must provide the family wardrobe. New colors, new dyes, and new fabrics have made their appearance and require study both in their selection and their care. But equally important is the fact that old fabrics, especially woolen materials, are disappearing from the market, and it is therefore imperative that our fall and winter clothing, our draperies, rugs, and other articles made of wool or part-wool should be stored for the summer with special care.

It may be a long time before we shall again be able to purchase the broadcloth, tweeds, serges, and other excellent materials which this spring we shall store as overcoats, suits, and dresses we have worn without fully appreciating the value of the fabrics. Synthetic soybean wool, a wool fiber made from the soybean, is already a reality, but its utility is yet to be demonstrated.

Homemakers this year are working longer hours than usual, many dividing their time between their homes and outside employments, and it may not be possible for them to give the customary attention to their shelves and closets, with a fortnightly brushing, airing, and sunning of unused garments. Some special attention given now will insure the protection of scarce and valuable materials.

In storing woolens, our chief concern is to protect them from moth injury. Moths do not eat cotton, linen, rayon, or other fabrics of vegetable fiber, or silk. Moths never cause injury in bureau drawers or trunks filled only with vegetable fabrics. Our only concern in storing these fabrics is that they shall be kept clean, and that our choice, white linens shall be laundered and sunned occasionally to insure their original whiteness.

By the intelligent use of certain preparations, moths in every stage of development may be killed. There are liquids, used as sprays, and also crystals which are effective. While some of these preparations are harmless and safe, others are inflammable, and some are explosive. Any of them should be used with caution and used only after thoroughly acquainting oneself with their dangers. We do not wish to imply, either, that the use of any of these preparations is necessary in order to avoid injury caused by moths. Many careful housekeepers who have never used moth preventives in any form can say with confidence, "I do not worry about moths, for I never have any."

We are warned by students of this subject that "there is no season for moths" nor do moths ever take a vacation. All stages of the moth cycle are dangerous: the egg, because

it hatches into the greedy larva; the larva, because it is the feeder which actually cuts the holes; and the flying moth, because it distributes its eggs and starts the cycle all over again.

The "actual villain," however, is the larva. He likes the soft, silky fibers of wool because they supply him with the food he needs to enter the pupa stage. All clothes-moth larvae eat and eat until they become pupae, then shed their skins and become flying moths. In this state, the moth goes about and lays eggs in the places where she thinks her offspring will do well, in dark places because the pupae do not thrive in light, and in wool because it will furnish food.

ALL articles to be stored should be put away absolutely clean. This is not only an insurance against damage, but it is a comfortable feeling to know that when the article will be needed, it will be ready for immediate use. Moths are much more likely to concentrate upon soiled spots; and dust and grit work into the threads and shorten the life of the fabric.

We are told that "brushing and beating usually kill the larvae. The soft eggs are easily crushed or dislodged by thorough brushing. Particular attention should be given to cuffs, hems, seams, and pockets. Moths cannot stand bright sun. Larvae drop to the ground from clothing left hanging in the sun on the clothesline, especially if no folds are present in which they can find protection from the sun's rays."

If clothing is thoroughly brushed and sunned every two weeks, it is doubtful if moths can affect it seriously. The old-time custom of sunning clothing as an insurance against moth injury is based upon successful experience. Carpets and rugs cleaned by strong vacuum cleaners and thoroughly brushed on both sides, and clothing dry-cleaned or laundered with soap and water are freed from infestation. Once freed, clothes may be protected, if not to be used during the warm season, by being wrapped in paper with the ends securely sealed, or placed in tight, sealed boxes.

The "moth-proof" bags, made of heavy paper impregnated with tar or other substances, if not torn, are excellent for keeping moths from reaching clothing. Obviously, they are of no value in killing larvae that may be in the clothing when it is placed in the bag. Any bag made of plain paper is just as good as bags containing tar or cedar and pine oils. In fact, clothes moths will not eat *into paper* to reach clothing, so that moth-free articles wrapped in ordinary firm wrapping paper or several thicknesses of newspapers will be safe, provided the ends of the wrappings are securely sealed so that the moth cannot enter the edges.

The bulletins issued by the United States Department of Agriculture emphasize the fact that perseverance is the keynote of moth character. It is said that the moth's capacity to search out and enter the most secluded hiding places is almost beyond belief. The flying moth, for instance, "merely closes its wings and crawls through the trunk keyhole or other tiny apertures through which issue enticing odors of wool." Frequently, clothing on coat hangers

is placed in bags with the hooks of the hangers protruding from the bag so that the bag containing the clothing may be hung in the closet. Unless special attention is given to the careful sealing of the aperture about the hooks, moths will have no difficulty in crawling into it, and once they enter, the bags are useless.

IN storing your winter clothes make the cleaning and arranging of your clothes closets a special feature. The clothes closet can be one of the most attractive rooms in your home. Only cleanliness and orderliness, however, will make it so. Thought and planning for this little room will repay you abundantly in time and energy saved. The convenient and spacious closets of the modern home are in themselves attractive, yet they can be marred by disorder. On the other hand, a small and crowded closet may, by an orderly and wise arrangement of its contents, be made so attractive that, upon entering it, you have a sense of restfulness and well-being.

The clothes closet must be spotlessly clean. Paint closets often. There is nothing that gives more encouragement to orderliness than fresh, clean paint.

If you are to arrange a crowded closet, make a definite plan before you begin your arrangement. Store as many things as possible in covered boxes. Select uniform containers, their size dependent upon the size of the shelves upon which they are to be placed. These may be stacked one upon another, even up to the ceiling of the room. Gummed labels should be attached to the front of the boxes listing the contents of each box, so that any article may be easily accessible when needed. This will relieve the congestion in the remaining storage space and make the daily use of the closet more pleasant and comfortable.

As homemakers, let us open the doors of our attractive and orderly closets this summer, with pride in the thought that this year we have not just "put away our old clothes for the summer," but that we have safely stored fabrics which cannot be replaced, clothes of excellent material which can be worn another season with that satisfaction which comes from the practice of true thrift.

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There's Always A Way

Olive W. Burt

Our readers will be interested in this further adventure in the lives of the orphans, sweet, motherly Janet and her small brother Stevie. Other stories in this series include: "You Know How Boys Are," April 1941; "Pink Lemonade for The Boys," September 1941; and "It's Gotta Be Cash," June 1942.

IT was like a small cyclone in the quiet room. Paste bottle, scissors, and paper went flying in every direction as Stevie, bursting into a fit of sudden anger, flung his tools away from him.

"They're mean!" he cried vehemently. "They won't stick!"

Janet shocked at such unusual behavior spoke more sharply than she was accustomed to, "For shame, Stevie!"

Mr. and Mrs. Allen looked up from their own work, startled, too, at the sudden little tempest.

"Bedtime, son?" Mr. Allen suggested.

"I don't want to go to bed, either!" cried Stevie. "I don't want to do anything!"

Janet laid aside her own work and came around the table to her brother. She smiled apologetically at their foster parents. "I'll put him to bed. I guess he's sort of tired," she explained.

In the bedroom she undressed him silently. She had learned long ago that scolding did no good with Stevie. He wasn't a bad little boy, really. When he was naughty, it was generally something inside him; and if she gave him enough time he would tell her what it was.

But tonight Stevie didn't intend to tell her anything, she could see that. So she washed his hands and face, combed his curly dark red hair, a task she adored, and tucked him into bed. Then she bent over him.

"Goodnight, Stevie," she said in her gentlest voice.

His small arms came out of the covers, up around his sister's neck. He held her close to him, as if he would never let her go. Janet could feel his heart pounding, and she wondered whether he had been frightened someway. Then suddenly he let her go and turned his face to the wall without a word. Janet stood still a moment or two longer, then slipped quietly out of the room.

She went back to the table, where she was making a scrapbook on transportation for her fourth grade social studies class, and sat down to her work. She was embarrassed that Stevie should act so. Not once before in the year since the Allens had adopted them had he ever acted like that. She thought she'd better explain.

"When we were at the Home," she began doubtfully, "sometimes, if the bigger boys had been scaring Stevie, he acted that way. I know he didn't do it because he's naughty —"

Mr. Allen got up and came and sat down beside her. He was smiling, and his blue eyes were twinkling.

"Now, Miss Worry," he teased, "you don't need to tell us that. We've had Stevie long enough to know he's just the best little fellow ever. Any boy has to be cross sometimes. Can't I help you with that scrapbook, honey?"

He began to clip pictures of trains

and automobiles and airplanes, showing a surprising deftness. Janet looked at him and laughed.

"You kids have all the fun!" he said, "When I was your age, cutting out pictures was somewhat on the forbidden side. We certainly never got credit in school for it, did we, Mother?"

Mommy looked up from her sewing and smiled.

"That's the fun of having children," she said, "we get to enjoy all the new things!"

THE clock struck the hour of Janet's bedtime, so she stood up and gathered up her materials to put away for the night. When she came to kiss her parents goodnight, they were sitting very still, looking at each other.

"Don't you think we ought to tell Janet our big secret, dear?" Mommy asked.

Mr. Allen drew Janet to his knee.

"It's about time," he smiled, "I've been bursting with it for days. Janet, honey, how would you like a new brother or sister?"

At first the words didn't mean much to Janet. She smiled.

"From the Home?" she asked, her mind flying back to the different children there, a vague little feeling that things were quite all right without changing them ruffling her mind's surface.

"Oh, no! A *real* brother or sister; one of our very own!"

Janet grew very still; even her heart seemed to stop beating, waiting what would come next.

The arm about her tightened; her father's lips were against her hair.

"We're so excited about it we couldn't wait to share the good news with you. You've been so wonderful with Stevie. But he's getting to be such a big boy now, nearly seven. This will be a tiny baby that you can tend and love."

Janet wanted to tell them she was thrilled and happy, but she couldn't make any words come. She *was* happy, if they were; but she'd thought, oh she *had* thought that she and Stevie were all they wanted. A baby of their very own, her daddy had said. A *real* brother or sister. What was Stevie, then? What was she? Her throat ached.

Her mother came over and knelt beside them.

"I know Janet understands just how I feel about this, don't you, darling? You love babies, too, and some day you'll grow up and have a cuddly little baby of your very own to hold in your arms and love. Then you'll know what it's like. Then you'll understand how you can love Stevie so much, and me and daddy and still love your own little baby, too. It takes so many kinds of love to make a family, doesn't it? And I'm so glad I have a big daughter to share this new love with me."

Janet reached her arms up and put them around her mother's neck.

"I am glad!" she whispered. "Babies smell so sweet in the back of the neck, don't they? May I help you make the clothes for it?"

Her parents smiled at her. They were all happy, all excited, making plans.

But when Janet went into her bedroom she thought of Stevie, and went to look at him as he slept in his little bed in the next room. She won-

dered if he knew; if that was what had troubled him.

He stirred in his sleep, then opened his eyes and seeing Janet he began to whimper. Janet knelt down beside his bed, and put her arms around him.

"Oh, Janet!" he cried, "will we have to go? Won't they want us any more? I heard Mommy and Daddy say they were going to get a new baby of their own. And they didn't tell me, and I'm scared!"

"Of course we don't have to go," Janet reassured him. "We're their very own, too. It will just mean one more to play with. Think what fun you can have."

Then she talked of games and pleasures Stevie particularly liked until he was quieted, and at last fell asleep.

IN her own bed Janet lay very still, thinking things out. She understood just how Stevie felt; she'd been a little bit afraid, herself, at first. But that was silly. Of course Mommy was glad she was going to have a baby. If they'd had their own mother, their very own—tears stung Janet's eyes though she loved this new mother so dearly—there might have been other babies in time, and she and Stevie would have been delighted. So they should be delighted now. And she was! She told herself determinedly. She'd have to make Stevie see it, too.

But Stevie didn't want to see it, evidently. He awoke the next morning in the same stubborn, resentful mood he had shown the day before, and nothing Mrs. Allen nor Janet could say or do pleased him. They told him about the coming baby, just as carefully as they could.

Stevie glared at them and then, without a word, turned and banged out of the door, stamping his feet down to make all the angry noise he could.

Janet looked up at Mrs. Allen in silent apology for her brother. If he doesn't stop, she told herself, he's going to spoil everything.

Mommy was worried, Janet could see. She looked at the little girl and said, "I wouldn't have him feel like this for anything. Doesn't he understand that we love him dearly? No one can take Stevie's place with us!"

Janet knew this was true, now, but she knew it was going to be hard to make Stevie absolutely sure of it.

"It's just because he's scared," she explained. "He's not very old, yet, and he hasn't forgotten living in the Home. It was nice there," she hurried to add, "but neither of us would care to go back."

"You darlings!" Mommy gathered Janet close, "You'll never have to go back."

"But three's quite a big family for Daddy, isn't it?"

Mommy laughed.

"Not nearly big enough!" she cried. "I hope we have a lot of children so we can have a lot of fun!"

"Stevie will be all right afterwhile, I'm sure!" Janet went on. "But you know how boys are. It takes them quite a while to get used to a new idea."

Janet was surprised at herself, the way she was planning for the new baby, the joy with which she was looking forward to it. She had always loved the babies in the Home, had always been called on to help with them. Now she would have one right here, day after day, night

after night, to bathe, to dress—

And Mommy was so generous in sharing her plans for the new baby. She took Janet shopping with her to buy little bootees and sacques, and Janet was learning to knit a shawl of the most beautiful soft pink yarn. Everything would be perfect, Janet told herself, if it weren't for Stevie.

AFTER that one night he hadn't mentioned the coming baby to his sister. He had scarcely talked to her at all. His gay, continuous chatter was stilled into a surly aloofness that made Janet's heart ache. He banged and kicked at things. He sat for long spells alone on the back porch, looking across the yard at nothing.

His goodnight kiss for his father and mother were quick, sullen pecks, and when he sat on daddy's lap for the evening story he didn't snuggle down as he ought to do, but sat stiff and withdrawn and unhappy.

"What are we going to do with that fellow?" Daddy asked one night, running his hand up through his hair till he looked as worried and unhappy and almost as little boyish as Stevie himself.

"We're doing everything we can, aren't we Janet?" Mommy answered. "I think we'd better just ignore his attitude. Just go along as if nothing were wrong with him, talk about the baby, treat him as if he were as happy as we all are. I guess that is about all we can do." Then she smiled at Janet, "We couldn't manage at all without Janet," she said tenderly, and Janet was glad that she was being such a help, and sorry that Stevie felt so badly.

"It's just that I hate to have him unhappy," Daddy went on, still worrying over Stevie. "It could be so much fun for all of us. But you can't tell what a little fellow like Stevie will do when he is so unhappy. I can remember things like that when I was a kid—oh, not just the same, but things that worried me so that I was going around all the time trying to figure a way out. I'm worried."

Janet couldn't bear to see Daddy worried like that. She went over and put her arms around him.

"It's going to be all right," she promised, "I'll find something to take his mind off it."

"You're a honey!" Daddy squeezed her, then sat up straight. "Say, Sweetheart, maybe you have something there. Something to take his mind off it—Hasn't he been wanting a puppy? Why can't we get him one? Then he'll have something to think about besides himself and his 'broken nose.' "

Janet clapped her hands.

"I believe that would do it!" she cried.

So the next morning at breakfast Daddy said with an air of great excitement, "Queenie's going to have pups very soon now, Stevie. Shall I speak to Mr. Wilson for one? Would you like one of Queenie's pups?"

Stevie nodded his head, "Uh-huh," he answered without enthusiasm.

Janet exclaimed, "Won't that be fun, a baby puppy! When do you think they will come, Daddy?"

But Stevie wasn't interested at all, and later that morning when Queenie came over to Stevie as he sat on the back step, he pushed her away.

"Go on home, Queenie!" he said. "Nobody wants you hanging round here!"

Janet, standing just within the kitchen, shook her head. Stevie certainly did feel badly when he'd treat Queenie that way, for Queenie, whose home was next door with the Wilsons, had been one of Stevie's best friends. Janet went out and sat down beside her brother.

"I'll bet you made Queenie feel bad when you treated her like that!" she said. But Stevie kicked at the gravel and didn't answer.

"Aren't you excited about having one of her puppies?" Janet went on. "It'll probably be a lot like Queenie. Daddy said her pups are extra fine. They're registered and everything!"

"What's registered?" Stevie asked listlessly.

"Oh," Janet explained, "when people have extra nice dogs they keep records about them that tell who their mammas and papas are, their grandparents and everyone else, so the people know all about the dogs and all about their puppies. It makes them worth a lot more money. And it's interesting, too!"

Stevie shook his head, "Who cares about a dog's father and mother? It's the dog that counts!" he replied, ready to pick a quarrel over any little thing.

Janet sat there, her chin in her hands, thinking. Stevie was right, maybe more truly right than he knew. Maybe this was getting down to his real trouble. The new baby would have its own mother and father, while he, Stevie, felt like an outcast. Maybe he had a real grudge against Queenie, after all.

THAT evening after Stevie was in bed, Janet perched herself on the arm of her daddy's chair.

"Daddy," she began, cautiously. "are you very anxious to have us have one of Queenie's pups?"

"Now, what's behind that question, Sweetheart?" her father asked, pulling a lock of her red hair playfully.

"Well I just wondered, do you care what kind of dog Stevie has?"

"Why, of course not!" her father answered, "Has he set his heart on some particular dog? We'll get it for him, if he has."

"No," Janet was finding it hard, now, to explain the shadowy feeling she'd had that afternoon. "It's just that Queenie's pups would be so—so—well, so much a part of her family, you know, with cousins and brothers and sisters and a mother—" Her words came tumbling, now they had got started, "and right now Stevie is feeling, oh, as if he didn't have any real family at all. And I just thought if he could have a dog like him, you know, one that was sort of lonely, he might feel that it was more his very own, you know. I was wondering, do they have Homes for dogs?"

Her father, looking at her quizzically, was beginning to get the meaning.

"There's the dog pound," he suggested.

"Dog pound?" Janet repeated, doubtfully.

"Yes. Lost and strayed dogs are taken there and kept till some one calls for them. Sometimes their owners come; sometimes they are given to other people. Lots of times when people want dogs they go to the dog pound to find one."

Janet's eyes were shining.

"That's just the thing. Don't you

see! If we could get Stevie out to the dog pound and he could find a puppy there that needed a home, and that sort of took to him," she looked shyly, eagerly at him, "Sort of the way we needed you and took to you, you see, then, if Stevie could have that dog, why he'd love it more than anything else and he would know how you feel about us. See?"

Janet wondered if those were really tears in her daddy's eyes, and why? as he drew her very, very close in his arms and whispered, "A woman of understanding is more precious than fine jewels. Sweetheart, your daddy takes his hat off to you." Then he laughed, gaily, "We'll do it!"

"But he mustn't know what we're doing, Daddy! We've got to let him think it is all his very own idea!"

ON Saturday afternoon when Daddy backed the car out of the garage, Janet shouted, "Where you going, Daddy?"

"To see a man on business," her father answered, and then added, "Do you kids want to go along for the ride? We don't get so many rides as we used to, do we?"

"Sure!" cried Janet. "Come on, Stevie!"

Even Stevie's resentment couldn't withstand the thought of a car ride on a lovely afternoon, they were so few, now, these joyous trips, so he came over and climbed into the front seat. But he wasn't going to enjoy it, any one could see that. He sat staring out, saying nothing.

They drove along, pretending not to notice Stevie's attitude, talking and laughing, Janet and her father, bringing Stevie into the conversation when they could, but making no point of it.

At last they were outside the city and Daddy was parking the car in front of a low cement building.

"Where are we?" Stevie asked, and when his father said, "This is the dog pound!" Stevie questioned, without interest, "What's a dog pound?" but paid little attention to his father's brief explanation.

They went inside, and Daddy began to talk to the man there, leaving the children to their own devices.

There was a sound of barking somewhere within the building and Janet went nearer to the two men, as if she would ask a question. Her father said, "There are some dogs in the back. Just go through that door if you want to look at them while I'm talking."

"Come on, Stevie!" cried Janet, taking her brother's hand and opening the door for him.

The opening of the door seemed to be a signal of some sort, for suddenly there was a great uproar of barking, scratching, jumping, and tail wagging. Big dogs barked in big, deep voices; little dogs barked in sharp, quick tones; and puppies gave their own glad sounds as every dog in the place tried to leap through the wires and come toward the children.

For just an instant Stevie stood still, his back against the door, gripping Janet's hand tightly. Before them stretched two long rows of wire cages with clean floors and running water. There was a strong dog smell in the room and the noise kept increasing. Stevie blinked, then went slowly ahead, letting go of Janet's hand.

He peered into the first cage, where a big black dog was trying to

make the children notice him above all others.

"Hey, big boy!" Stevie said, "Don't make so much noise!"

The dog danced and pressed close to the wire.

In the next cage was a collie, serene and cool in spite of its attempts to attract attention, and Stevie looked at it and said, "Hi ya, Beauty?" and moved on.

AT each cage the litte boy stopped and spoke to the inmate, and the dog within, with that canny sense that dogs possess of knowing a friend, leaped and greeted him, and as he passed, barked helplessly to call him back.

Then halfway down the long line of dogs, Stevie stopped for a brief moment and then sank to his knees.

"Hello, Fellow!" he said, "Hi, Spot! Here, Spot! Come here, Boy!" and he put his face against the wire while the puppy within went nearly crazy with excitement and joy.

Janet, watching, thought what a funny puppy it was. It was mostly white, with a few black spots scattered over its shaggy fur. One spot, circling his left eye, gave the puppy a solemn appearance; but one ear was longer than the other, and this gave him a comical look, too. So you really didn't know whether to laugh or not when you looked at him.

But Stevie knew. With his face pressed against the wire, he was down on his knees, laughing and talking to the puppy. Stevie was saying things that only boys and dogs know about and understand, and when Janet called, "Stevie, come see this one!" her brother rose and moved slowly, reluctantly, away from the funny puppy as it threw itself against the wire in a crazy effort to follow.

The door opened and Daddy and the man came in. Stevie ran to the man, "Whose puppy is that?" he asked.

The man looked down at him and smiled.

"It's nobody's puppy right now," he said. "It was brought in the other night during the big rainstorm, shivering, and hungry, and lost. Nobody has called for it, and nobody seems to want it. But he's cute, isn't he?"

Stevie went back to the puppy and knelt down by it again.

"Time to go, children!" Daddy called, and turned to leave the room. Janet followed, and, more slowly, came Stevie. But at the door he turned and flew back down the aisle to tell his new friend goodby.

Janet and her father didn't dare look at each other for fear they'd laugh out loud. They climbed into the car and sat waiting patiently for the little boy.

He came out at last and stood there on the ground beside the car looking up at his father. His face was dirty where the puppy's paws had reached through the wide mesh of the wire and caressed it; but it was clean where tears had run down in narrow crooked channels.

"Daddy!" said Stevie, "You said I could have a puppy? Can I? Can I have a puppy, Daddy?"

"Why, of course," smiled his father. "Queenie will be having pups in a few days now and I'm sure Mr. Wilson will give us one."

Stevie shook his head.

"I don't want Queenie's pups!" he said, "And it won't want me. It won't want to leave its mother."

(*Continued on page 224*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Accounts of local Relief Society centennial celebrations occurring on or near March 17, 1942 have appeared in several recent issues of the *Magazine*. These accounts are concluded in this issue and no further contributions relating principally to the centennial will be published in this department of the *Magazine*.

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL OBSERVANCES

Reno Stake (Reno, Nevada)

MARGUERITA ESSEX, present president of Alturas (California) Branch Relief Society, recently sent us this interesting report of centennial activities.

"We honored the centennial of Relief Society by planting a weeping willow tree. Inasmuch as we do not own property here, we planted the tree on the grounds near the Boy Scout Hall, the building in which we hold our services. We therefore not only commemorated the centennial, but also beautified the grounds belonging to the scouts. We now are planning to set a bronze marker in a cement block on March 17, 1943. Mabel Schick, secretary of our Relief Society organization, donated the tree, for which we are very grateful. The tree was very small when we planted it, but it is growing rapidly in size and beauty. Although we have only ten members in our organization, we also hope to grow.

CENTENNIAL TREE-PLANTING, ALTURAS BRANCH, RENO STAKE
Left to right: Marguerita Essex, president; Elsie Fischer, first counselor; Nellie Boyd; Mabel Schick, organist-secretary-treasurer; Bertha Smith, second counselor; and Loraine Smith

CENTENNIAL OBSERVANCE, CHARLESTON BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY, EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION

Edna Barrett, president, is in center, middle row. 100 people were in attendance.

Following is the program presented at the tree-planting:

Singing—"America"

Planting of tree—Former Relief Society president Rava Barker and Elder Charles William Fischer, superintendent of the Sunday School

Dedication—Elder Fischer

"In the evening a social was held and refreshments were served.

"In the accompanying picture, Elder Fischer is using the shovel, and President Rava Barker is holding the tree."

CENTENNIAL BANQUET, SANTA MONICA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, INGLEWOOD STAKE

South Sanpete Stake
(Ephraim, Utah)

A SUMMARY of centennial activities in the Ephraim North, South, and West Wards appeared in the January issue of the *Magazine* along with a report of the Manti ward observances. The accompanying picture shows the three-foot birthday cake being lighted by the Relief Society presidents of the three wards—Esther Thomson (South Ward), Susannah Olson (West Ward), and Eva G. Jenson (North Ward). These presidents appeared in the final scene of the play "Century of Progress" presented the evening of March 17, 1942.

Big Horn Stake
(Lovell, Wyoming)

THE following report, submitted by the Worland Branch Relief Society, of which Sylvia Neilsen is president, tells of another centennial celebration:

"For our centennial party, Mrs. Wilber Wortham, Mrs. Ralph Crowton and Mrs. Louis Gibbons presented the playlet 'Is It Possible?' as the feature attraction on the program for the evening. The dinner table, which was set for sixty members and their husbands, as guests, was centered with a five-tier birthday cake decorated with 100 blue candles in gold rosebuds. When these candles were lighted, they were reflected in the large mirror upon which the cake stood. The greetings sent through recordings from President Grant and President Lyman were played for the enjoyment of the members. The Singing Mothers, a newly-organized unit, sang several beautiful songs."

THREE-FOOT BIRTHDAY CAKE AND RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS OF EPHRAIM NORTH, SOUTH AND WEST WARDS, SOUTH SANPETE STAKE

Cast of Centennial Playlet, "Is It Possible?" Worland Branch Relief Society, Big Horn Stake

San Fernando Stake
(Glendale, California)

BERTHA BERGSTROM, secretary of the North Hollywood Ward Relief Society, wrote concerning this ward's celebration:

"Approximately 140 were present to celebrate this anniversary. Each woman present was given a corsage made of a giant jonquil tied with royal blue ribbon. Members of the Priesthood present were given boutonnieres of bachelor's-buttons. The members of the bishopric presented the Society with a gorgeous basket of pink tulips and pink and white stocks. The program included several talks about Relief Society, the reading of minutes, and musical numbers, some of which were rendered by the Singing Mothers. The phonograph record bringing greetings from President Grant and President Lyman was played and greatly enjoyed. A special presentation, a box of candy, was made to Helen Lofstrom, seventy-seven years old, who has been a member of Relief Society for fifty-five years. Although she is now inactive because of her age, she is one of the Society's most generous contributors when called upon by the visiting teachers. The accompanying picture shows our centennial birthday cake. Rose Broderson Whitaker, portraying Emma Smith, and Thelda Richardson, ward Relief Society president, prepare to cut the cake. The emblem and slogan of Relief Society appearing in the center of the cake were removed to be framed as a memento of the centennial."

Centennial Birthday Cake, North Hollywood Ward Relief Society, San Fernando Stake. Rose Broderson Whitaker, portraying Emma Smith, left, and Thelda Richardson, president, right.

Cache Stake (Logan, Utah)

MARTHA H. DAINES, president of the Logan Fourth Ward Relief Society, sent this brief account of its ward observance on March 17, 1942:

"The accompanying photograph is of Logan Fourth Ward Relief Society officers in costume, and members of our ward bishopric, who represented the brethren who organized Relief Society—all of whom took part in a dramatization of the first Relief Society in Nauvoo. This dramatization was written and directed by Linda Benson. About three hundred members of the ward attended the celebration, and all seemed to feel the spirit of the occasion."

Shelley Stake (Shelley, Idaho)

SARAH KIRKHAM, work-and-business leader of the Shelley Second Ward Relief Society, reported that although Shelley Stake was very disappointed in not being able to complete its elaborate plans for the centennial, the wards made a special effort to make their programs successful. The program held March 17 in the Second Ward was splendid. It included the playing of the recorded greetings from President Grant and President Lyman, a pageant, "Long-Remembered Words," a talk, "One Hundred Years of Relief Society," by Sarah Kirkham, musical selections, a humorous reminiscence, and a retold story. The observance also included a luncheon at which a beautiful birthday cake was cut by Sarah Young and Mary E. Thomas, oldest members in this ward. To conclude the entertainment, members of both the Shelley First and Second Wards attended a dance held in the tabernacle. Lula Bowler is president of the Second Ward Relief Society.

PARTICIPANTS IN CENTENNIAL DRAMATIZATION, LOGAN FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, CACHE STAKE

PARTICIPANTS IN CENTENNIAL PAGEANT—"LONG-REMEMBERED WORDS"—SHELLEY SECOND WARD, SHELLEY STAKE

GROUP AT CENTENNIAL OBSERVANCE, KANSAS CITY (MISSOURI) BRANCH, CENTRAL STATES MISSION

The observance included presentation of the cantata, "Resurrection Morning," directed by Hazel Stiles. Estella Barker is Relief Society president of this branch.

CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY CAKE
Wilmington (North Carolina) Branch Relief Society, East Central States Mission. Counselor Lorna Laine, left, and Branch Relief Society President Lillian Lelondis, right.

Highland Stake
(Salt Lake City, Utah)

RUTH H. WEIDNER, secretary of Stratford Ward Relief Society, sent us the following account of its ward centennial observance:

"As a memorial to the centennial of the Relief Society, the Stratford Ward of Highland Stake presented a pageant entitled 'Immortal Mothers,' written and directed by Erma B. Steffensen. Thirty-five adults and twenty-three children participated. It depicted the glorious lives of the general presidents of Relief Society. Two women, beautifully dressed in white, read the pageant, which told of the devotion and unceasing service of these great women. The opening paragraph was as follows:

> Behold, and it shall come to pass that in the last Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, God shall touch the souls of the women and make them scribes to His holy word in this kingdom on earth.

"A short history of Reief Society followed, and a tableau showed the outstanding accomplishments of each president. In brief, the order and content of the tableaux were as follows:

First—Joseph Smith.
Second—Joseph and Emma Smith.
Third—Eliza R. Snow. She crossed the plains, carrying the precious records of the first Relief Society.
Fourth—Zina D. H. Young. She teaches her own and four of Brigham Young's children to make soap, candles, and to card wool for material for their clothes.
Fifth—Bathsheba W. Smith. She is shown bowed in grief, saddened by the death of her mother and infant son at Winter Quarters and her son George, who was killed by the Indians.
Sixth—Emmeline B. Wells, noted for her gift of writing, is shown unveiling the Sea Gull Monument on Temple Square.
Seventh—Clarissa Williams is shown caring for sick and crippled children.
Eighth—Louise Y. Robison, noted for her temple work, starts the Singing Mothers' organization and the campaign for 100,000 members in Relief Society.
Ninth—Amy Brown Lyman, present general president, was represented in the tableau in person. She sat in the center of the stage, dressed in a beautiful black velvet dress. She was presented with a bouquet of red roses. A poem, 'The Glory of God,' was read during this tableau.

"For the finale, two R.O.T.C. students in uniform wheeled a model of the campanile onto the stage as the seven presidents (other

SCENE FROM TABLEAU FOUR, PAGEANT—"IMMORTAL MOTHERS"
Stratford Ward Relief Society, Highland Stake

SCENE FROM TABLEAU NINE, PAGEANT—"IMMORTAL MOTHERS"
Stratford Ward Relief Society, Highland Stake. President Amy Brown Lyman in center.

than President Lyman) came and stood back of President Lyman and sang 'The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning.' The closing paragraph of the pageant was:

Behold, and it came to pass, that so great was their diligence, so deep was their love, so broad their charity, that angels traced on gold records the names of each of these "The Immortal Mothers" in the mansions on high, and yea, in the hearts of these "The Immortal Mothers" in thy kingdom on earth, God shall dwell forever, and forever.

"Music for the pageant was furnished by the Singing Mothers and a string ensemble. It included 'A Song of Triumph,' by Beatrice F. Stevens, 'In Thy Form' by Florence Jepperson Madsen, 'O My Father,' 'Our Mountain Home So Dear,' and 'Though Deep'ning Trials.'" Susan Inkley is president of this ward Relief Society.

Idaho Falls Stake
(Idaho Falls, Idaho)

ALICE ANDERSON, secretary of the Ammon Ward Relief Society, reports that this ward presented a pageant, "The Relief Society Wheel of Progress," on March 17, 1942. The women shown in the accompanying picture represent the spokes in the Wheel of Progress. These spokes were Inspiration, Spirituality, Charity, Visiting Teachers, World Peace, Education, Welfare, and Singing Mothers. Sister Anderson says: "We were proud of the program and of the large crowd in attendance. The evening concluded with dancing." Vera Lee is president of this ward Relief Society.

Teton Stake (Driggs, Idaho)

THE centennial was very successfully celebrated in the Driggs Ward of the Teton Stake, according to Maude Jeppson, first counselor in the Relief Society presidency. The observance included a pageant, "The Glory of Womanhood," a poem about the general presidents of Relief Society read by Bessie Kimball, musical numbers including selec-

CENTENNIAL "WHEEL OF PROGRESS," AMMON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, IDAHO FALLS STAKE

DRIGGS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS HONORED AT SPECIAL CENTENNIAL PARTY, MARCH 18, 1942

Left to right: Mary Anderson Henrie, Hannah Bowerman Price, and Manette Robison Hillman

tions by the Relief Society chorus, remarks by the ward bishop and Relief Society stake president, and the playing of the transcribed recording from President Grant and President Lyman. Also, a banquet was served for all married women of the ward and their partners. Tables were decorated in blue and gold, using blue vases filled with daffodils. There was also a large birthday cake. Past ward presidents were served first and honored with blue and gold banners, which they wore.

On March 18 another party was held honoring six older members who could not attend the Tuesday celebration due to the severe weather conditions. Three of these sisters are shown in the accompanying picture. They are: Mary Anderson Henrie, over eighty years of age, who served for many years as president of the Driggs Ward Relief Society; Hannah Bowerman Price, first president of the Driggs Ward Relief Society; and Manette Robison Hillman, who has done a wonderful service as a midwife. According to Sister Jeppson: "The top layer of the birthday cake was served to these sisters, and they were presented with flowers, programs, and typewritten copies of the song 'A Hundred Thousand Strong.' A recording of this song, made in the ward, was played for them, and the record received from the General Board was also played. They were thrilled beyond expression." Ruley Moss is president of this ward Relief Society.

St. Johns Stake
(St. Johns, Arizona)

A NEWSPAPER clipping sent to us from St. Johns, Arizona, gives a detailed account of the centennial celebration held jointly by the St. Johns Stake and the St. Johns Ward on March 17, 1942. Two hundred

CENTENNIAL DINNER, AFTON NORTH AND SOUTH WARDS, STAR VALLEY STAKE

guests were in attendance. According to the report, the activities included the following: presentation of the cantata "Resurrection Morning," written by the late B. Cecil Gates; music by a string trio; a pageant portraying the organization of Relief Society and depicting services rendered by the Society; the honoring of women noted for Relief Society service; and an antique and heirloom display. Old-time dancing concluded the festivities of the evening. Adding greatly to the color and atmosphere of the occasion were the old-time costumes worn by those in attendance. The recreation hall and chapel were decorated for the event with bowls and baskets of lovely spring flowers. Mrs. H. L. Allen of the stake board served as general chairman for the centennial.

Clara R. Sherwood is president of the St. Johns Stake Relief Society, and Maud B. Jarvis is president of the St. Johns Ward.

Star Valley Stake (Afton, Wyoming)

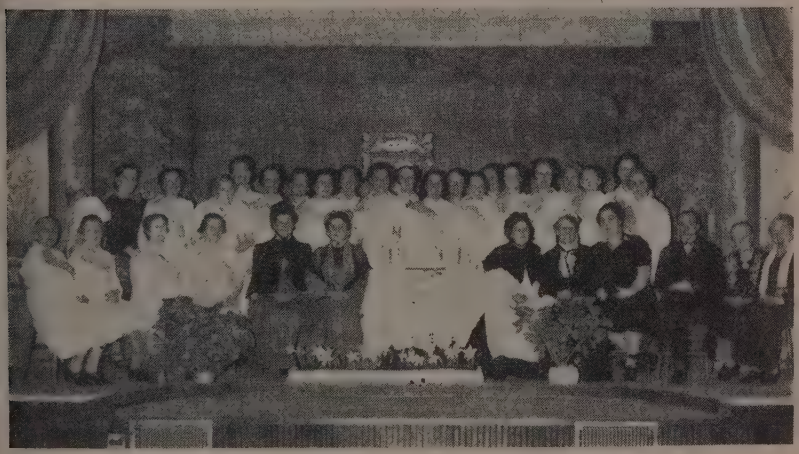
THE Afton North and Afton South Ward Relief Societies met jointly to observe the centennial on March 17, 1942. From an attractively printed souvenir program which was sent to us, we note that the activities consisted of a dinner (see accompanying picture) at which toasts and responses were given, music by Singing Mothers, a play, "Memories and Reality," written and directed by Martha Kennington, and a "television" broadcast featuring the presidents of the Afton Ward Relief Societies since the first organization in 1887. The printed souvenir gave a brief history of the fifty-five years of Relief Society in Star Valley, listed the names of all ward Relief Society presidents, and all Relief Society officers and members of the centennial year. The present presidents of these wards are Kathleen P. Burton (Afton North) and Leora C. Barrus (Afton South).

CENTENNIAL TREE-PLANTING, MAY 10, 1942
Burley Stake Relief Society

Burley Stake (Burley, Idaho)

FROM Agnes C. Hoggan, president of Burley Stake Relief Society, comes this brief report of this stake's centennial tree-planting ceremony.

"On May 10, 1942, our Stake Relief Society Board planted an arborvitae on our stake tabernacle grounds. Our stake president, R. O. Hatch, participated, taking a moving picture of the ceremony. Members from each of our nine wards were present."



HOYTSVILLE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, MARCH 17, 1942
Hoytsville Ward Relief Society, Summit Stake

Summit Stake (Coalville, Utah)

EDNA M. TREMELLING submitted this account of the Hoytsville Ward centennial program: "On the evening of March 17, 1942, we presented an original pageant in two parts, entitled 'From Out of the Past.' The first part, 'In My Garden of Memories,' portrayed the history of the ward organization in dialogue form out of our 'Book of Memories.'

"The second part depicted the first organization of Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith. A lighted candle in a lovely setting represented the blessings and privileges women attain through Relief Society. As appropriate verses were read, candles were lighted consecutively by members representing the Relief Society general presidency, stake and ward officers, class leaders, visiting teachers, and Singing Mothers, after which a candle-lighting song was sung. A large cake which was later cut and served, was brought on the stage. 'A Song of Triumph,' and a closing song and prayer concluded the program."

Nellie R. Crittenden is president of this ward Relief Society.

Crossing The River

(*Continued from page 178*)

velop, they now began to establish the comfortable pattern of life which they had left in Utah. These pioneers were coming to realize that their ideals had not changed because of privations, and that even when they were living in shanties and dirt-roofed houses, the finer things of life were treasured and cultivated. Flowers were planted which bloomed. Throughout all the tragic troubles over water, the tea kettles in Arizona bubbled as blithely as ever they did in Utah. The friends who were bound into a oneness that day of the "crossing," were ever the real friends. Always believing, finally they knew that Arizona was also Zion. An Arizona Temple had been promised, and was built. Human ingenuity and close spiritual ties built a bridge across the Colorado and a new and easier road to beloved Utah.

Today one feels no terror in looking down that almost perpendicular canyon to the ribbon-like river far below. Its roar is faint, like an echo from the past.

The Arizona of the pioneers is to its children and its children's children the "land of heart's desire." Happily, lustily they sing her state song "O Arizona, Sun-Kissed Land!"

Prayer for Relief Society

"We would hold up before thee, O Lord, the Relief Societies, with all their members; and all those who preside in their midst according to their callings and appointments, general or local. Bless the Teachers in their labors of mercy and charity, who, as ministering angels, visit the homes of the sick and the needy, bearing succor, consolation and comfort to the unfortunate and sorrowful."

—*From Dedicatory Prayer by Pres. Wilford Woodruff at Dedication of Salt Lake Temple*

Work-and-Business

New-fashioned Thrift

Lesson 8

Preservation of Victory Garden Products

(For optional use on Tuesday, May 11, 1943)

THE thought of harvest and preservation of food is usually linked with autumn—the time when all the luscious, varicolored fruits and vegetables, brimful of vitamins and minerals, make such a definite appeal to the appetite. However, harvest time is not any one season in this country; our food crops are gathered the year round. But in spite of the continuous production, most small fruits and quick-ripening vegetables, such as strawberries, raspberries, peas, and asparagus are short lived and are seasonally found on the market. Because of this, and in order to have such foods in the daily diet, it is important to preserve them in such a way as to retain their natural flavor, form, and food value. Although many Victory Gardens were grown last year, there are indications that many more, on a much larger scale, will be grown during the coming season. In order that time, energy, and manpower will not be lost, every bit of the food produced should be utilized. That which is not used immediately, when fresh, should be preserved by storing, canning, drying, or freezing.

Storing

Some kinds of crops are better suited to storage than others. This should be kept in mind at the time of planting; but whatever kind is grown, its proper stage of maturity for successful storage must be considered. Underripe products shrivel and do not keep well, while overripe ones are usually inferior in quality. Vegetables and root crops when stored do not all require the same temperature nor humidity, and the storage periods differ. Beets, carrots, turnips, and similar vegetables keep best when stored at 32-36° F. with relative humidity of 85-95 per cent, and will keep four to five months. Squash and pumpkins require 40° F. with relative humidity of 50-70 per cent. Potatoes should be stored in a dark place with a relative humidity of 85-90 per cent, and keep best at 35-40° F. Higher temperatures cause them to sprout soon, and sometimes cause a decay in the center known as "black heart." Apples like a cool, moist atmosphere and will keep crisp and firm many months if properly stored. In preparing fruits and vegetables for storage, those with any kind of bruise, crack, or injury shoud be separated from the more perfect ones; defective ones should be used first and only firm ones stored permanently.

There are several types of storage, and the kind best suited to your circumstances and needs should be used. Parsnips, carrots, and horseradish can be left in the ground all winter with a covering of straw, and dug or pulled as needed. Next to this type, the mound is the simplest form of storage. A layer of straw is

put on the area of ground needed, then the vegetables are piled on it in mound shape and covered with a layer of straw and then a layer of soil. The thickness of the covering will depend upon the severity of the weather in a given locality. A storage pit is made by digging a hole one to one and one-half feet deep and three to four feet wide. The pit is lined with straw, and the vegetables are piled into it in pyramid shape and covered with straw and soil. Freezing weather requires a thick layer of soil. Indoor cellars, if cool and ventilated, are good, but the modern, heated home with a cement basement is not so good for the storage of raw fruits and vegetables. Outdoor cellars are built on a more elaborate scale, and are used when it is planned to store large amounts of food products.

Canning

Canning is a type of food preservation used more extensively by housewives than any other type. All kinds of fruits, vegetables, meat, poultry, and fish can be preserved in this way. The methods which may be used are known as: open kettle, pressure cooker, water bath, steamer, and oven. To be perfectly safe, however, in canning non-acid vegetables and meats of all kinds, a pressure cooker should be used. In using a pressure cooker, instructions for its proper use and care should be studied carefully to prevent accidents and waste of food. A pressure cooker is as safe as any other piece of equipment and is easy to handle if a few precautions are taken. With the open kettle method, fruits are cooked in syrup until just tender, packed in sterile glass jars and sealed quickly and completely. Care must be taken with this method to prevent bacteria-laden air from getting into the jars when filled. The water bath method is used for fruits and tomatoes. With this method a kettle or wash boiler is used which has a tightly fitting lid and which is deep enough to permit covering the jars with two inches of water. A wooden or wire rack is fitted into the bottom of the kettle to keep the jars from breaking. The water is kept boiling during the entire process, otherwise, water from the boiler may replace some juice from the jars. The cooking period is counted from the time the water begins to boil vigorously. The steamer method is used for the same kind of products as the water bath. There must be a good circulation of steam to insure efficient sterilization of the products to be processed. A steamer may be made for the purpose, or the same equipment as that used for the water bath method may be used. Directions for operating the type of steamer used should be carefully followed. Oven method is recommended for berries and small fruits only, and should be used only when heat can be controlled. Peaches, pears, and other large fruits do not get sufficient sterilization with this method; a brownish discoloration often develops which does not always show up until the jars are opened.

Drying

Vegetables and fruits may be dried to remove sufficient moisture to prevent spoiling. Drying can be done at home in a dehydrator. Because fruit turns dark when cut or peeled,

better results are obtained if this change can be brought about before the drying is done. Sulphuring or the use of a salt solution will help to accomplish this. The latter is easier when the drying is done at home, but it does not result in as good a finished product. In using this method the fruit is peeled, and then immersed in the solution (6 level tbs. salt to 1 gal. water). Fruit may also be dried without peeling. Non-acid vegetables and those which cannot be preserved by storing can be dried when a pressure cooker is not available.

Freezing

Like drying, freezing as a method of food preservation, especially for meats, was used in early days when no other method was available. But only within the last ten or twelve years has this method developed so that all the food values are retained and the products are like perfectly fresh ones. Quick freezing is not cold storage. In quick freezing the temperature is lowered so fast that the ice crystals do not enlarge and cut the delicate cell walls. When the products are defrosted, the original flavor and juices are still there. Not all foods, however, yield to this process in the same way, but as time goes on more foods are being successfully preserved by this method. So far, this is not a practical home process, but many housewives have access to community lockers and are learning to prepare their own products for freezing, or they pay a small amount to have them prepared by a plant. Locker plants are mostly operated as a community project or by ice companies and meat dealers who rent space to their customers.

Whichever process of preservation is used, the same care in the selection and preparation of the foods is necessary as though the foods were to be used immediately. Firm, well-matured products should be carefully and quickly handled and thoroughly cleaned. All utensils, jars, caps, rubbers, and other containers must be perfectly sterilized. The time of the processing should be carefully calculated so the product will not be underdone or overdone.

The careful storing of canned and dried foods is important. A cool, dark, dry atmosphere is best for food in glass containers. It is advisable to give foods dried in the sun a final heating in the oven to kill any micro-organisms that might be present. Foods dried in a dehydrator will be free of any of these, but should be stored as soon as they are cool, in airtight cans, jars, or small paper bags. If dehydrated foods are put in cartons which hold only an amount sufficient for use at one time, then large amounts will not be disturbed nor exposed to the air unnecessarily.

Note: Space will not permit detailed instructions on all the methods and procedures of preservation, but help and instructions may be obtained from the extension personnel of the various agricultural colleges. Every housewife should preserve all the food that she can use.

There's Always A Way

(Continued from page 207)

He stood there, beseeching his father with his wide, blue eyes, and Mr. Allen and Janet could hardly bear it when two tears welled up and spilled down the cheeks they loved so dearly.

"Daddy! Can't I have Spot? He's all alone, and he doesn't want me to leave him!"

"Spot?" Mr. Allen pretended not to understand.

Stevie nodded. "He knew me as soon as I came into the room," he explained, "And I knew him. He wants to be my dog, and I want him. The man said nobody else wants him. Please, Daddy?"

Mr. Allen climbed down from the car.

"Let's see about this," he said, and Janet hurried to follow them into the office again.

"Why, of course Stevie can have the puppy if he wants him," the man smiled. "I think it would be fine. He's the kind of puppy that needs a boy like Stevie, and I'm sure Stevie is the kind of boy that needs a puppy like Spot."

When the door to Spot's cage was opened, there was no doubt about this. Spot gave one leap and was in Stevie's arms, and he cuddled there, licking Stevie's face, and wiggling with joy all the way home.

As soon as the car was stopped, Stevie leaped out and went running to the house, Spot scrambling about in his arms.

"Mommy! Mommy!" Stevie was yelling at the top of his voice, gay and noisy as he used to be, "Come here. Come see Spot! Mommy!"

Janet looked at her father and he looked at her.

"Sometimes you wonder just what to do about things," she said, "but if you think hard enough, there's always a way."

Her father bent and kissed her.

"Do you know what, Sweetheart?" he said softly, "If they lined up all the little girls in the world, and all that ever will be in the world, and marched them past me, I know which one I'd pick. She's got freckles on her nose and her hair is the color of ripe sunshine—"

Janet was so happy she could almost cry. Stevie was happy again, her daddy was happy again, and now she and Mommy could settle down to the serious business of getting things ready for the new baby.

SLEEPING PUPPY

Courtney E. Cottam

You look so innocent;
And yet, those slippers scattered on the floor!
You look so innocent;
(The inner-soles are by the door,)
The cloth is pulled from the table top,
Excuse me, while I get the mop!
You look so innocent.

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